The Millidek

1908

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Gussie and Bessie Jacobsen.

Dedication

TO THE CITY OF DECATUR:

In remembrance of her generosity; her patriotic citizenship; her noble men and women; and all that stands for strength of character, this book is respectfully dedicated, by the Senior Class of the James Millikin University.

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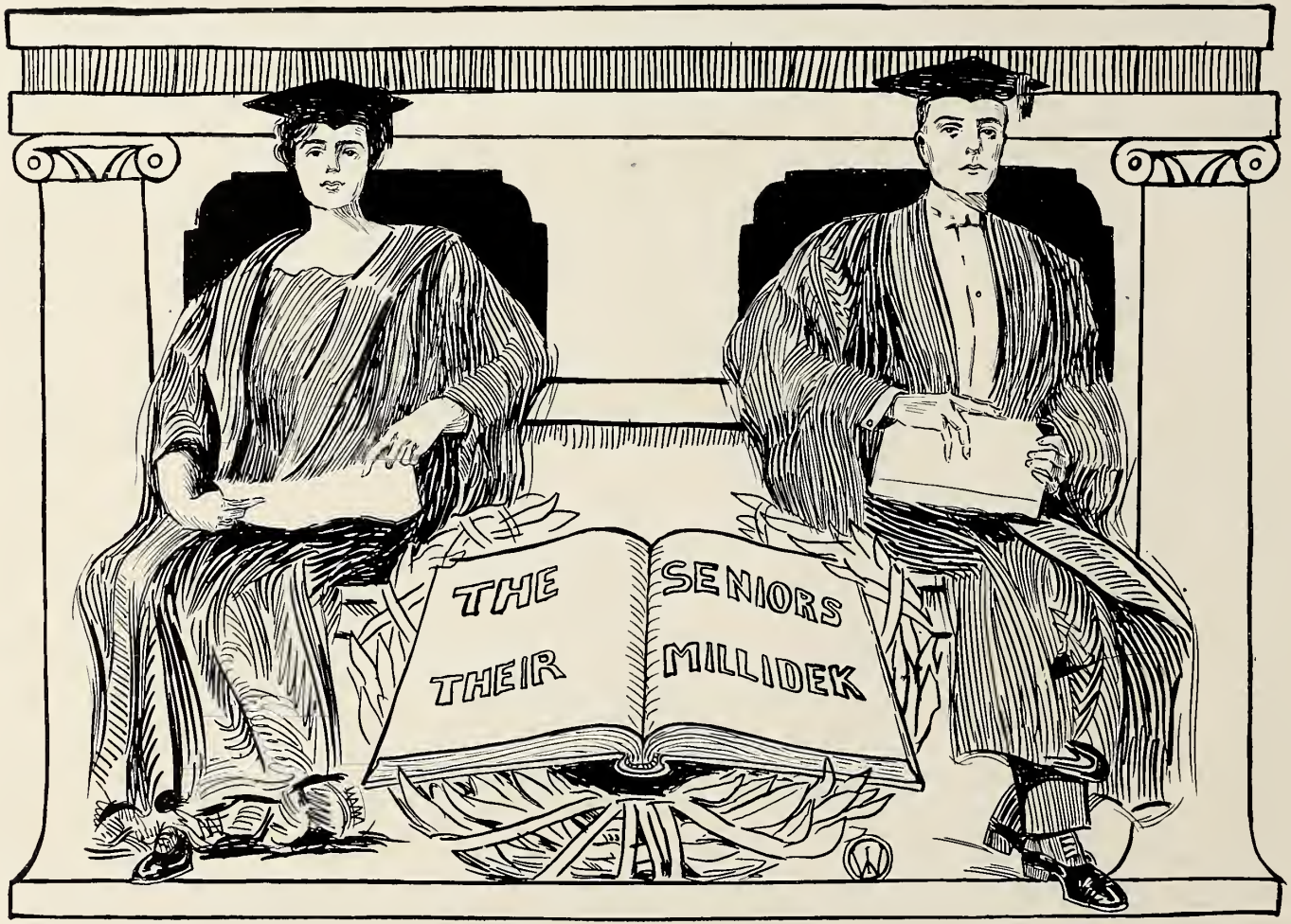
GREETING

Friends of the blue and white, we greet you. As you turn these pages, read between the lines and look beyond the sketches, and you will find the spirit of true faithfulness, reverence and love for our Alma Mater which has inspired them. May this tribute of brush and pen be worthy to stand as another milestone along the path of Millikin.


THE
THEIR
SENIORS
MILLIDEK

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Introductory Poem

It's the awfulest job we've ever struck—
This Millidek
To get so many pages of any old truck
For the Millidek!
So many pictures, and so many ads,
So many write-ups, and so many fads,
So many dollars,—the "must-be-hads"
For the Millidek!

At the first of the year we were young and green
About Millideks,
Thought it would be the most fun ever seen
To print Millideks!
So we gaily sailed in, with a dash and a vim,
Thought we were getting right into the swim,
With never a care for the specter grim
That haunts Millideks.

But now we are drooping, dejected, forlorn,
(Oh! ye Milidek!)
Our faces are haggard, our tempers are worn
With the Millidek.
From the fathomless depths wherein we lie,
We lift up our voices and feebly cry,
"Why on **earth** did we ever try
This Millidek!

"Just look at that calendar! See the date?
(Oh! ye Millidek')
Another week and it's all too late
For the Millidek.
So hustle around! Sit up till one,
Grind out verses and jokes by the ton!
Forget to eat! It has to be done
For the Millidek!"

But since we've started, we'll see it through,
That Millidek!
Though our brains congeal with the torture screw
Of the Millidek.
And when we've finished, a martyr's crown
And a plush-lined seat in the heroes' town
Await us! So banish the feeblest frown!
"Bless the Millidek!"

President A. R. Taylor

Albert Reynolds Taylor, born at Magnolia, Illinois. Member of the following, among other organizations:

The National Council of Education; The National Educational Association, being a life director in the same; The Illinois Schoolmasters' Club; The University Club, Decatur, of which he was the originator and first president; The National Council of the Presbyterian Brotherhood of America; the Presbyterian Church.

He has been president of many organizations, among them the following:

The National Council of Education, 1896; The Kansas State Teachers' Asssociation, 1885; The University Club, Decatur, 1901-1904; The Illinois State Sunday School Association, 1905; The Illinois College Federation, 1905-1906; The Normal Section of the National Educational Association, 1886; The College Section of the Illinois State Teachers' Association, 1906; The Educational Commission of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, 1906-1907.

He is now Chairman of the Illinois Synodical Committee and the Springfield Presbyterial Committee on the Brotherhood, and President of the local Brotherhood of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Decatur; Member Board of Directors of McCormick Theological Seminary.

He is the author of the following works:

The Church at Work in the Sunday School, 1892; Civil Government in Kansas, 1894; The Study of the Child, 1898; Apple Blossoms (joint author), 1899; Among Ourselves, 1900; The Government of the State and Nation (joint author), 1901.

Official Yell

Alla Rah! Alla Rah!
Alla Rah, Rah, Rah!
Yoh, Yah, Yoh, Yah,
Millikin, Millikin,
Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

Colors: Blue and White

While preparing this, the third volume of the Millidek, which we now hand to you, the sole aim of the Editors has been to give a true enlightened account of all phases of student life during the past year at the University.

We pray you take the endeavor kindly, it is wholly our best.

History of the Past Year

Control.—Changes of some importance have occurred during the year in the controlling bodies of the institution. The death of Supt. E. A. Gastman removed the President of the Local Board of Managers. Dr. S. E. McClelland of Decatur was elected a Manager, and later to the Presidency of the Board. Mr. Smith Walker, who has served the Board as its Secretary since its organization, resigned, and Dr. J. C. Fisher of Decatur was chosen to the position.

In the General Board of Trustees of the University, Dr. Wm. J. Darby of Evansville, Ind., resigned from the Presidency and Dr. W. H. Pennhalcgon of Decatur was elected to fill the vacancy.

Administration.—In the local administration a Dean of women has been appointed. This is a much needed officer who has charge of the management and discipline in the new Hall for Women, and general supervision of the women students of the Decatur College and Industrial School. Mrs. Lucy M. Valentine was chosen to this office.

Regulations.—No revolutionary action has been taken by the Council this year. Perhaps the most important piece of legislation relates to athletics. The number of inter-collegiate contests has been limited: Football to eight games, baseball to ten games, and basketball to ten games. The Council is proposing to regulate more carefully the athletics of the institution by insisting on the scholarship of candidates for the teams.

It has also been voted not to allow students to become members of social organizations in the city which have not been approved by the Council.

Equipment.—The usual additions have been made to the Equipment. Chief among the gifts to the Museum is a donation, by Dr. Wm. Barnes of Decatur, of a collection of Illlinois buttterflies,—duplicates from his large collection.

Honor Students

The regulations of the institution provide that students in the three lower classes attaining an average of 90 per cent. or more shall be posted as worthy of special mention and that those of an average standing of 85 and under 90 as worthy of mention.

The following members of the junior class of 1907 averaged 90 or more and are therefore designated as worthy of special mention:

Blackburn, Bonnie
Cole, Starr
Eaton, Bertha
Kirk, J. Ray
Shumway, Hiram

The following averaged from 85 to 90 and are therefore designated as worthy of mention:

Anderson, Erma
Bicknell, Ruth
Bishop, Helen
Bumgarner, Irma
Fell, Frances
Hoggatt, C. H.
Ross, Verne
Smith, Gladys

The following members of the sophomore class for 1907 averaged 90 or more and are therefore designated as worthy of special mention:

Baker, Clara
Bragg, Lucile
Dempsey, Alice
Hudson, Gary
Taylor, Clara
Turner, Ray

The following averaged from 85 to 90 and are therefore designated as worthy of mention:

Baker, Clarence
Banfill, Wm.
Bellamy, Ora
Burgess, Edna
Carter, Maude
Culp, Frank R.
Davenport, H. K.
Field, Della
Gilman, George
Hostettler, Mary
Leiby, Cora
Miller, F. Clifford
Neisler, LaRue
Niedermeyer, Esther
Staley, Irene
Stapp, Edgar

The following members of the freshman class for 1907 averaged 90 or more and are therefore designated as worthy of special mention:

Cobb, Cyril
Drake, Elmo
Flegel, Clarence
Hartwig, Charles
Hancock, Henrietta
Jones, Ralph
Ketch, Helen
McNeil, Clara
Ross, Flora
Rugh, Myrtle
Thrift, Albertice
Van Buskirk, Edna

The following members of the freshman class averaged from 85 to 90 and are designated as worthy of mention:

Armstrong, Bessie
Bone, Wesley
Boyd, Bounita
Cockrum, Cora
Drake, Waldo
Isaacs, Walter
McClelland, Bertha
McReynolds, Cecil
Moore, Lillian
Nitchals, Edgar
Ross, Edward
Wasem, James

Benefactors

W. H. Wallace, Mt, Zion, Illinois, who died at his farm home, November, 23, 1907, made provision in his will for the payment of the sum of ten thousand dollars out of his estate on final settlement, to the Decatur College and Industrial School. Mr. Wallace was born at Mt. Zion in 1848 and lived there all his life. He was never married. He was a successful farmer and a much-respected neighbor. He was greatly interested in public affairs and held positive views on many social questions. Long ago he planned to do something to help the young men to secure an education and this generous provision is an expression of his kindly interest in them. He also provided that the residue of his estate, estimated at about ten thousand dollars, should be equally divided between the Anna B. Millikin Home and St. Mary's Hospital.

Mr. A. R. Scott of Bethany, Illlinois, has from the first been a warm friend of the University. He originaly subscribed five thousand dollars to the general fund from the Cumberland Presbyterian Church and has been a member of the College Commission for several years, part of the time as its president. He was born at Mt. Zion, June 27, 1845; was educated at the Mt. Zion Academy; was married to Mary Jane Smith, September 3, 1868; was engaged in general merchandising at Bethany 1868 to 1878, in milling and grain in 1878, adding banking 1887 and becoming president of the Scott State Bank in 1904.

He is a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church and has always given liberally to its various enterprises, as well as to every other worthy cause.

Wesley B. Harvey of Washington, Illinois, was born in Newark, Ohio, December 15, 1824, and went to his reward February 20, 1908. His parents settled on a farm in Tazewell county in 1828. In 1858 he became a resident of Washington, where he resided during the rest of his life. He was a successful business man and was often honored by his fellow citizens in a variety of ways. He was justice of the peace for twenty years, mayor of Washnigton two terms, county supervisor ten years, and a member of the state legislature one term.

In his early years he was a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, though finding no organization of that body in Washington on settling there, he soon identified himself with the M. E. Church, of which he has been a devoted member. He was chairman of the Board of Trustees for forty-seven years.

Mr. Harvey was a liberal giver all his life. When a member of the Board of Trustees of the Illinois Wesleyan University, he gave $20,000 to its support. In kindly remembrance of his early associations in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, as he wrote President Taylor, he made the Decatur College and Industrial School heir to eight shares of his large estate. A conservative estimate assures the institution from ten to twelve thousand dollars. Mr. Harvey was twice married, the last time in 1892 to Mrs. Nancy Forbes Shephard, who survives him. His home life was ideal, his death a triumphant example of a faith that knows no wavering.

T. T. Roberts S. E. McClelland (Pres.) A. R. Montgomery
A. R. Scott W. H. Penhallegon A. Mueller O. B. Gorin
J. K. McDavid T. Powers S. E. Walker E. P. Irving L. Martin

BOARD OF MANAGERS

OFFICERS

President	S. E. McClelland
Secretary	S. E. Walker
Treasurer	O. B. Gorin

T. T. Roberts
Luther Martin
Adolph Mueller
A. R. Scott
T. A. Powers
E. P. Irving
J. K .McDavid
A. R. Montgomery
W. H. Penhallegon

COMMITTEES

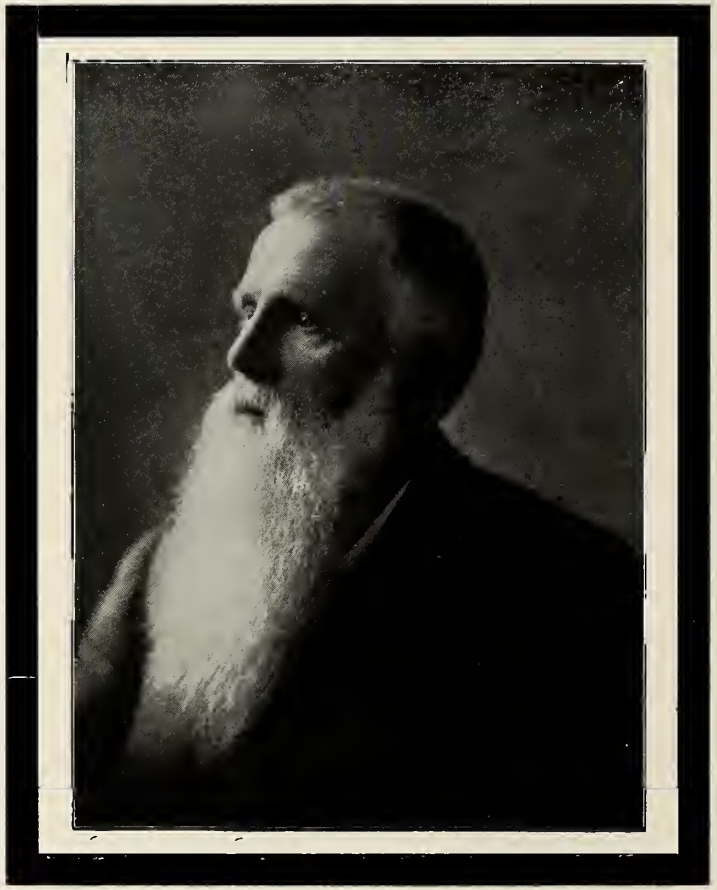
Finance: T. T. Roberts, Luther Martin, Adolph Mueller, A. R. Scott.

Grounds: T. A. Powers, Mrs. Millikin, S. E. Walker.

Buildings and Plans: S. E. Walker, Mrs. Millikin, T. A. Powers and Adolph Mueller.

Curriculum and Instruction: E. P. Irving, T. T. Roberts, J. K. McDavid and Luther Martin.

Railroads: Adolph Mueller, E. P. Irving, J. K. McDavid.



Resolution of the Board

Enoch A. Gastman, schoolmaster, citizen and friend, President of the State Board of Education, Superintendent of the Decatur City Schools and President of the Board of Managers of the Decatur College and Industrial School of The James Millikin University, died in Boston, Massachusetts, on the morning of August 3, 1907.

In the loss of our beloved leader, whose fellowship and counsel we have so long enjoyed in private and official life, we, his associates on the Board of Managers, desire to express our warm appreciation of his eminent services to the general cause of education in this country, to the schools of Decatur and Macon County, to which he has devoted almost half a century of a busy and self-sacrificing life, but more particularly to The James Millikin University, in whose development he took kindly interest from the beginning.

His long experience in educational affairs and his thorough acquaintance with modern educational problems, together with his quick discernment and his systematic business methods, made him at once an invaluable member of the Board of Managers on his appointment in June, 1904. As the executive officer of the Board since July, 1905, he has discharged the responsibilities of his office with the highest satisfaction to us, to the faculty and to the friends of the institution in general. Few men in public life have so long, so fully and so deservedly enjoyed the confidence and affection of all classes of people.

He was a man of such genial nature, such lofty character, such disinterested motives, such courageous convictions, such devotion to duty, such genuine worth, such tender sympathy, such delicacy of sentiment, that apparently without effort he was ever exercising a wholesome and widespread influence for larger and better things.

In kindly and affectionate remembrance, we instruct our Secretary to spread this expression of our regard for our deceased brother upon our minutes and to transmit a copy of the same to the bereaved family, to whom we tender our heartfelt sympathy in the far keener loss that has come to them. It is our hope that they may find comfort in the assurance that he but enters upon a higher state of activity for which he so assiduously prepared himself while here.

Luther F. Martin, E. P. Irving,
A. R. Montgomery, A. R. Taylor,
Committeee for Board of Managers.

Decatur, Ill., August 5, 1907.

Millidek Board

Editorial Staff

Editor-in-Chief	E. Starr Cole
Assistant Editor	Ruth Bicknell
Literary Editors	Bonnie Blackburn
	Bertha Eaton
Department Editor	Lottie Lamb
	Katherine Trautman
Organization Editors	Ray Kirk
	Bertha Eaton
Art Editor	Lulalou De Groat
Class Editor	Frances Fell
Athletic Editor	Verne Ross
Roasts and Grinds	Arthur Van Cleve
Cartoons	Ellen Stone

Business Staff

Business Manager	Hiram Shumway
Assistant Manager	Ansel Magill
Secretary	Cyrus Hoggatt
Assistant	Masuji Matsumoto

THIS TABLET MARKS THE SITE OF
THE FIRST HOME IN ILLINOIS OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
1831
ERECTED BY THE DECATUR
CHAPTER OF THE DAUGHTERS OF
THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION 1904

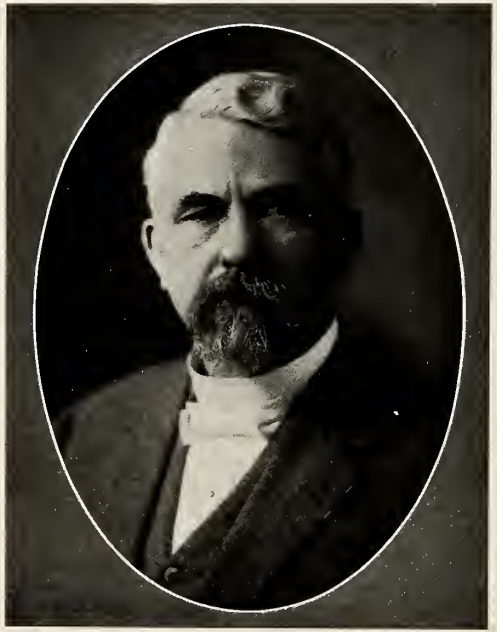
Scenes about Decatur

The "St. Louis bridge" over the Sangamon is located about one mile south of the University, on the main line of the Wabash Railroad. It is a handsome steel structure, and on this account is of general interest to the students. It has become a favorite place for students having a few spare minutes to walk to, in order to see the river and observe its beauties. In the spring-time many favorites take strolls to this bridge and back for exercise.

Steven's Creek is another famous resort, but is not reached quite so easily as the Sangamon River. It flows about two miles west of the University and is easily reached by Inter-urban. It is a beautiful stream; the foliage in the summer-time being of the most gorgeous kind. Students delight in taking advantage of the opportunities afforded by its nearness to the city.

The large stone shown in the picture is located a few miles west of the city, and marks a spot which the people of Illinois will ever hold dear to their hearts. Abraham Lincoln in the early days of his life walked down the very street upon which the University is located. This little remembrance is not the only thing which keeps our minds centered upon this great character, but we may view every day in Fairview Park, two blocks from the University, the court house in which Lincoln is said to have tried and argued cases.

What is considered an engineering feat of local interest is also shown,—the new double-tracked concrete bridge across the Sangamon River on the main line of the Wabash to Chicago. It is a gigantic structure and represents the very latest type of engineering skill.



Liberal Arts

Albert R. Taylor, President. Philosophy, Ethics and Pedagogy.—Lincoln University, Ph. B. 1872, Ph. D. 1882; Cumberland University, LL. D. 1906. Professor Natural Science, Lincoln University, 1872-1882. President State Normal School of Kansas, 1882-1901.

"The man of today is arrayed against the man of yesterday."

School of Liberal Arts

TIME works strange changes. An illustration of this time-honored truth may be found in the changed attitude of the general public towardd the literary courses which constitute the backbone and vitals, as it were, of the liberal arts course. A good many years ago a distinguished man thus characterized this part of the arts course: "These studies mould our youth, delight old age,—set off prosperity, afford a refuge and solace in adversity, pleasure at home, help us through the wakeful nights, attend us on our journeys to foreign shores, and fail us not in country retreats." In this characterization there was no intention on the part of the writer to classify such studies as "accomplishments" rather than "practical," for in his time men of affairs were educated only in literature, and the eminently practical value of such studies was never doubted nor called into question. But in an age wholly materialistic and above all practical, with no inherent, and but little acquired taste for music and art and aesthetics, it was thought desirable to direct men's minds away in a measure from the sordid views of these studies to their finer and more spiritual aspect. Curiously enough this chance utterance,—so great has been the influence of this man upon modern thought,—has obscured the old notion that literary studies were primarily practical and incidentally accomplishments, and promoted the belief that they are cultural rather than practical. The man of today is arrayed against the man of yesterday. Who is right is fortunately not a matter of opinion but a matter of fact. A survey of the broad field of national life both at home and abroad shows the graduates of the liberal arts courses take the lead and outclass all competitors, and demonstrates the fact that the literary courses above all others are entitled to the appellation of "practical." Nor is this surprising when one considers the opportunities open to the student of literature. He is prepared for any or all of five great professions,—teaching, politics, journalism, the ministry and literature. The prospective lawyer can profitably take only this course. Recently technical concerns, such as telephone and electrical companies, have sought the liberal arts graduates for the conduct of general business wherein lies the best opportunity for advancement. And so this course is more and more demonstrating its right to be called the "practical course."

Thomas W. Galloway, Secretary of the Faculty. Biology.—Cumberland University, A. B. 1887, A. M. 1889, Ph. D. 1892; Harvard University, A. M. 1890. Natural History Sciences, Baird College, Mo., 1887-1889. Professor Biology, Missouri Valley College, 1889-1902. Dean (ibid.) 1898-1902.

James B. Shaw, Mathematics.—Purdue University, B. S. 1889, M. S. 1890, D. Sc. 1893. Professor of Mathematics and Physics, Illinois College, 1890-1898; Professor Mathematics, Michigan Military Academy, 1898-1899; Professor Mathematics and Astronomy, Kenyon College, 1899-1903.

James D. Rogers, Ancient Languages.—Utica Academy, 1885; Hamilton College, A. B. 1889; Columbia University, A. M. 1892, Ph. D. 1894; University of Berlin and American School at Athens, 1894-1896; Fellow in Columbia University, 1892-1894; Fellow by courtesy, Johns Hopkins University, 1896. Principal Boonville, N. Y., Academy, 1889-1892; Lecturer in Greek, Columbia University, 1896-1903.

Albert T. Mills, History and Political Science.—State Normal School of Kansas, 1893, also 1896; University of Michigan, Ph. B. 1899; University of Chicago, Graduate Student, 1899; University of Michigan, Graduate Student, 1907-1908; Assistant Model Department, Kansas State Normal School, 1895-1896; Instructor and Professor of History and Civil Government, North Dakota State Agricultural College, 1899-1903.

Robert J. Kellogg, Modern Languages.—Cornell University, A. B. 1891, Ph. D. 1896; Fellow in Comparative Philology, 1892-1893; Teacher Languages, Cascadilla School, 1891-1893; Ithaca High School, 1895-1896; Instructor in Greek, Colgate Academy, 1896-1897; Professor of Greek, Richmond (Virginia) College, 1897-1901; Instructor in Modern Languages, Jones Summer School, 1895-1896 and 1898-1903.

John C. Hessler, Chemistry.—A. B. University of Chicago, 1896; Ph. D. University of Chicago, 1899. Instructor of Science, Lake High School, Chicago, 1890-1892; Instructor of Chemistry, Hyde Park High School, Chicago, 1892-1899; Instructor of Chemistry, University of Chicago, 1899-1907; Professor of Chemistry, James Millikin University, 1907-08.

Binney Gunnison.—A. B. Harvard, 1886; Newton Theological Institution, 1887-1889; diploma in theology, Crozer Theological Seminary, 1890; School of Expression, Speaker's diploma 1894, Teacher's diploma 1898, Philosophical diploma 1907; Asst. Pastor, People's M. E. Church, Boston, 1891-1893; Instructor in Elocution and English Composition, Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, 1893; Instructor, Worcester Academy, 1895-1896; Jones Instructor of Elocution, Andover Theological Seminary, 1900-1907;

Benjamin B. James, Principal of the Academy. Physics.—Northwestern University, A. M., 1884; N. W. University and University of Chicago, post-graduate work, 1893-1894 and 1899-1901. Principal high school and teacher Physics, Evanston, Joliet, etc. Professor of Physics, etc., Racine College and State Normal School, St. Cloud, Minn.

Grace Patten Conant, English Language and Literature.—Bates College, A. B. 1893; Cornell, A. M. 1897; Fellow in English, Cornell and University of Chicago, 1898 and 1899 respectively. Instructor in English, Vermont Academy, 1893-1896, and Woman's College, Baltimore, 1900; Associate Professor English, idem 1900-1904; Professor of English, Western College, Ohio, 1905-1906.

Isabella T. Machan, Assistant Professor Ancient Languages.—Wellesley College, A. B. 1887; Columbia University, 1902; Wellesley College, A. M. 1905; Teacher Ancient Languages, Franklin School, 1888-1889; Preceptress Hebron Academy, 1889-1898, Ancient Languages and History.

James H. Dickey, Assistant Professor Mathematics.—University of Illinois, B. S. 1898. Instructor in Mathematics, Alton High School, 1900-1904; State Normal School of South Dakota, 1904-1905.

M. Elizabeth Colegrove, Assistant Professor in Modern Languages.—New Windsor College, A. B. 1889; Heydrich Gesangschule, German and Voice, Halle an der Saale, Germany, 1900-1901. Professor French, German and Piano, New Windsor College, 1889-1896; Professor French, German and Voice, Darlington Seminary, 1889-1900; Director Conservatory of Music and Modern Languages, Hudson River Institute, 1901-1902.

Lucy W. Penhallegon, Instructor in English.—Western College, A. B. 1903; The James Millikin University, B. S. with Pedagogy, 1905.

Davida McCaslin, Assistant Teacher in English.—A. B. Coe College, 1904; Teacher Public Schools, 1905-1906; Harvard Summer Scsool, 1906; Fellow in English, James Millikin University, 1907; B. S. with Pedagogy, James Millikin University, 1907; James Millikin University, 1907-1908.

Library Science

Eugenia Allin, Librarian and Instructor in Library Science.—Bloomington (Ill.) High School, 1897; Library School of the University of Illinois, B. L. S. 1903.

"Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow."

School of Library Science

THE library of an institution is the hub or pivotal point around which revolve the departments, or spokes of the wheel, as they may be called. Here is accumulated the stored wealth of many educated minds for the purpose of enlightening the minds of those striving to attain, at least, an equal degree of knowledge. It is also for the purpose of more perfectly developing the individual by personal contact with others who frequent the library and by contact with the thoughts of broader intellects. Here the seeker after knowledge is brought face to face with the latest information concerning some piece of machinery, some scientific discovery or invention, or the finding of some latent genius in the literary world. He may come to the library bent upon the pursuit of some personal hobby or merely to browse among silent friends.

The library of this institution is no exception to that of other similar institutions. It is here where friend meets friend and the transgressor meets the transgressed on common ground. The library was opened at the same time as the college in September, 1903, with a collection of books and periodicals specially selected for each department from the latest standard authorities on each subject to be included in the college curriculum. To these have been added from year to year valuable works on more recent developments of these subjects, the whole now forming a splendid working library for the college in general.

The growth has been steady, from about 2500 volumes the first year to some 5000-6000 volumes at the present time. This includes some government reports in special lines. The students have shown their appreciation of the value of the library by the way in which they spend their odd minutes and hours within its walls. Their attitude toward the contents of the library has ever been one of respect and consideration.

The present year has been the most successful of any thus far. Organization seems to be the key-word of the year and the closer and more perfect organization of the college has had a noticeable influence upon the library. This effect is most gratifying to us all and has been taken in the light of a prophecy for the future.

Engineering

Harry E. Smith, Mechanical Engineering.—Cornell University, M. E., 1887. Practical experience with Brown & Share Mfg. Co., Providence, R. I., and Wm. Sellers Co., Philadelphia, 1887-1888. Instructor Cornell University Shops, 1888-1889. Instructor Mechanical Engineering, University of Minnesota, 1889-1892. Assistant Professor of Mechanical Engineering, University of Minnesota, 1892-1901. Professor of Applied Mechanics and Machine Design, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, 1901-1905. Mem. A. S. M. E. Mem. S. P. E. E.

"Stretches, for leagues and leagues, the Wire,
A hidden path for a child of Fire—
Over its silent spaces sent,
Swifter than Ariel ever went,
From Continent to Continent."

School of Engineering

THE most significant tendency, which an observer of educational progres sees today, is that of specialization. The time is fast approaching when it will be recognized that merely a general education, whether on classical or scientific lines, is not alone a suitable preparation for life. Not that culture is less desirable than formerly, rather it is more desirable, but above this general substructure must be placed a technical education which will give that special application to some calling which the age demands.

With these ideas in view, this department aims to give instruction in Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering to those who wish to enter this great field through one of these channels.

The technical college, in which the future engineer is to be trained, has several important characteristics to maintain, First: to educate scientifically and technically those who shall lead the march of the coming civilization in industrial lines. Second: to give the student a true sense of the value of applying scientific principles to industrial processes. Third: to add to this training such instruction as will enable the student to put his cultivated powers to some useful service, a special skill and dexterity that will enable him to express himself through his work. It is this intensity of application, this concentration of purpose and directness of aim that accomplishes the work of the world.

It is with these general ideas that the courses in this department have been planned. The first two years of all the courses are very similar and are intended to give the student a thorough training in those subjects which are essential as a foundation upon which he can build his special professional education.

During the last two years, the Civil Engineer studies the principles and applications to sanitation, water supply, railroad location and designs of buildings, bridges and tunnels; the Mechanical Engineer investigates the principles of thermodynamics and kinematics and their application to the design of heat engines, transmission of power and machine design; the Electrical Engineer applies himself to the principles and problems connected with the production and transmission of electrical power, electric lighting and the design and operation of machines and systems in which the electric current enters in some of its many and varied applications.

The general principles involved in all of these branches of engineering, as mechanics of rigid and moving bodies, hydraulics; and, in addition, specifications, contracts, and philosophy are taken in common; and in all courses a limited amount of time is allowed in which the student may elect subjects given in other departments of the University. The results of this plan have been gratifying, for the graduates of this department have all found positions in the engineering field and are filling their places with credit to themselves and honor to their alma mater.

Eugene Cyrus Woodruff, Electrical Engineering.—University of Michigan, B. S. 1894, M. S. 1896; Ph. D. 1900. Ann Arbor University School of Music, Pipe Organ, 1896. Teacher of Sciences in High Schools, Michigan, Chicago, etc.; Instructor in Chemistry, Montana State College 1900-1901. Assoc. Mem. A.I.E.E.

Lorell M. Cole, Manual Training.—Colby High School, 1889; Stout Manual Training School for Teachers, full course, 1906; Teacher in Wisconsin Graded and High Schools, 1889-1901; Assistant Stout Manual Training School, 1901-1902; Director of Manual Training, Dunn County School of Agriculture, 1902-1906.

Charles W. Lawrence, Civil Engineering.—Penn. State Normal, 1891; Penn. State College, B. S., 1897; C. E. 1904; Teacher public schools 1891-1894; Instructor Civil Engineering, Penn. State College 1897-1899; Draftsman, Penn. Steel Co., 1899-01; Structural Steel Engineer and Draftsman, 1901-1904; Instructor Civil Engineering, Penn. State College, 1904-1906; Ass. Mem. A. Soc. C. E.

Joseph J. Bransby, Instructor in Engineering and Manual Training, Shop Work.—Ackworth College, England, 1876-1881. Norwich Art Institute, 1882-1884. Manchester Technical School, England, Altrinchen T. School, 1885-1887. Lewis Institute, Chicago, 1904. Many years' practical experience in shop work.

School of Domestic Economy

DOMESTIC Economy has existed since the first human mother sought a shelter for her babe in the trees of the forest or gathered fruit to appease its hunger or wrapped some skin of an animal about it to protect it from the cold. From the time of primitive peoples to modern civilization household activities have ever been important factors in racial development. But Domestic Economy as a science to be studied and investigated is comparatively new, even yet having to justify itself as a subject fit for the curriculum of schools and colleges. In future times, it will doubtless be a matter of wonderment that subjects so important to mankind as the proper birth, growth, and development of human beings did not receive attention sooner.

The underlying thought in all courses in Domestic Economy, Home Economics, Domestic Science and Art, or whatever name may be employed to express the same idea, is the betterment of home conditions. In the training for citizenship, in the upbuilding of character, the home is a fundamental factor. It is the organic unit of society. It is the place where the individual acquires the physical development and moral character that will make him an efficient worker instead of a drone. To raise the standard of living and life in the home is to elevate the whole social system.

Domestic Economy consists of various household activities based on sciences, arts, and economies. It needs in sciences chemistry, physics, biology, physiology, and bacteriology; in economics courses emphasizing consumption the study of the home as the organized social unit and the development of the family; personal hygiene, for since vigorous health and its accompanying high spirits are larger elements in happiness than anything else, the teaching of how to maintain it is of utmost importance, which should include foods and, also, the sanitary environments of shelter and proper clothing; public hygiene, for if our men and women were alive to the evils, both physical and economic, resulting from bad sanitary surroundings, such as, unhygienic or unsafe buildings, inadequate water supply, defective sewerage, and filthy streets, these things would soon cease to exist. Th modern home-maker must understand not only the buying and preparation of food for her table, but also the food combinations which will produce the most efficient workers; not only the principles of sanitation in the ordering of her household, but business methods as well, both in the management of her income and dealing with her employees.

All of these various requirements may be summarized into the following definition—Domestic Economy is the artistic, scientific, hygienic, and economic ordering of household affairs. Its aim, therefore, is not to train housekeepers and seamstresses, but to so improve these household activities by the study of the arts and sciences connected therewith, that household conditions will be made better; the individuals within the home made healthier, happier, and more efficient; and the state elevated, for its highest duty is to so legislate and administer its affairs that good homes are a possibility.

Myra Brewster Clarke, Domestic Science.—University of Washington, A.B. , 1900; Diploma for Elementary Teaching, Teachers College Columbia University, 1902; Diploma in Domestic Science, Teachers College, Columbia University, 1905; Columbia University, A. M., 1905; Teacher of City Schools, Seattle, Washington; Hampton Institute, Hampton, Virginia; vacation and evening schools, New York City. Professor of Home Economics, Clarkson School of Technology, Potsdam, New York, 1905-1907; Professor of Domestic Science, James Millikin University, 1907-1908.

Nina Beckwith Forsythe, Domestic Art.—Boston Domestic Art and Dress Cutting College. Instructor, Hampton Institute, 1892-1897; Study, Boston, 1897-1898; Kamehameha, Honolulu, Hawaii, 1898-1905; Swedish Art School, Boston, 1905-1906; Supervisor of Domestic Art, Newton Schools, 1906-1907; Professor Domestic Art, James Millikin University, 1907-1908.

Fine and Applied Arts

William H. Varnum, Fine and Applied Arts. —Rindge Manual Training School, Cambridge, Mass., 1894; Julienne Studio, Paris, 1901; School of Design, Harvard University, 1902; Massachusetts State Normal Art School, 1903. Instructor Freehand and Mechanical Drawing and Designing, Rindge Manual Training School, 1900-1902; Principal Art Department Cambridge Y. M. C. A., 1898-1903; Instructor City of Boston Evening Drawing Schools, 1901-1903; Practical experience in mechanical drafting.

"Around the mighty Master came
The marvel which his pencil wrought,
Those miracles of power whose fame
Is wide as human thought."

School of Fine and Applied Arts

IN order to cover the field of modern Art education, the School of Fine and Applied Arts has two lines of study; the Fine Arts, for the training of the painter, illustrator or teacher, and the Applied Arts, embodying the handicrafts in silver, copper and clay.

In accord with the approved systems at present in use in the Art schools of the country, we have tried to overcome the idea that the study of Art is a pastime, intended primarily for copying the work of others and to occupy leisure moments. The students work directly from still life, flowers, or costumed model, in the various mediums, not with the idea of merely copying the subject before them, but rather of using it as reference material in creating a picture, with the aid of what has already been visualized from previous pictures.

This method, it will be seen, gives the student a wide range of available knowledge, to be used in the creation of a harmonious whole with the stamp of the painter's individuality, not a copy of a subject which may be inharmonious and lacking in picture-making qualities.

The Applied Arts work of the United States is drawing attention to that most important department of our national artistic growth. There is possibly no greater satisfaction than that which comes in our Applied Arts course from watching the transformation of the crude sheets of silver, copper, or shapeless lump of clay, through its various changes until it finally comes forth the completed product; a glowing vase with its rich and mellow glaze, a beaten copper bowl, the hammer marks showing its transformation, or the graceful lines of silver pin or pendant with the glittering accents of semi-precious stones. The commercial value of this line of work is shown by the steadily increasing orders for lamps, electroliers, and jewelry made by advanced students in the fully equipped studios. The normal class intended for the training of special teachers in Art, gives the student a valuable training in teaching. One half of the year is given to teaching assigned lessons in the ward schools of the city.

The growth of the School has been such, that at the end of the fifth year the number of students has doubled. With our increased number of studios, a faculty of specialists secured from Chicago, Boston and Paris, and an increasing number of prospering graduates, we look forward to a still more successful year to come.

Emma L. Baker, Instructor in Applied Arts and Keramics.—Lincoln University, B. S., 1900; The James Millikin University, B. S. with Pedagogy, 1905; Art Institute, Chicago, Summer Term, 1905.

Harriett L. Dunn, Assistant Fine Arts.—Columbus Art School, 1893; New York School of Design for Women, 1903. Student, Arthur W. Dorr Teachers' College, Columbia, 1906; New York School of Art, 1907; Art Students' League, New York, 1907; Normal Work, Ohio State University, 1907.

Commerce and Finance

William Clarence Stevenson, Commerce and Finance.—Kansas State Normal School, 1889; Chicago University, 1900; University of Virginia, 1901; Columbian University, LL. B., 1902. Instructor in Bookkeeping, Commercial Law and Methods, Kansas State Normal School, 1889-1900; Principal Department of Commerce, the Jacob Tome Institute, 1900-1904.

"It is easy at any moment to resign the possession of a great fortune; to acquire it is difficult and arduous."

School of Commerce and Finance

IN his inaugural address at Columbia University, President Nicholas Murray Butler said: "In these modern days the university is not apart from the activities of the world, but in them and of them. To fulfill its high calling the university must give and give freely to its students; to the world of learning and of scholarship; to the development of trade, commerce and industry; to the community in which it has its home, and to the state and nation whose foster child it is."

The James Millikin University has an equally broad conception of the function of a modern university. The original list of proposed schools announced by the university authorities contained a School of Commerce and Finance. It is thus seen that the demand of the business world for trained service was recognized at the beginning of the James Millikin University. The work of the School of Commerce and Finance, however, was not inaugurated until the beginning of the second year, although various preparatory courses were offered the first year. Prior to the beginning of the second year, a prparatory or high school course of four years, and a collegiate course of four years were submitted and accepted. These courses have met a strong demand.

The purpose of this school is, primarily, the training of young men who desire to enter business careers, giving them studies having a distinct bearing upon business and business principles, and secondarily, to give a sufficient number of courses selected from the School of Liberal Arts and Sciences to impart something of the value of the older schools in mental discipline and character building.

The attendance of the School has shown a very satisfactory increase each year.

Commerce and Finance men are justly proud of the men who have graduated from the School, and of the graduating class of 1908. James D. Moses, '06, the first graduate, is successfully conducting a large lumber yard at Emporia, Kansas. Orris Bennett, '07, filled a position in the National Bank of Decatur for six months or more, and then went to Wyoming, where he accepted a temporary position as principal of a high school at a splendid salary. J. Arthur Moore, '07, is advertising man for the Daily Review of Decatur. His employers speak highly of his efficiency. Charles A. Post, '07, is travelling representative of the Daily Capital of Des Moines, Iowa.

Four members of the first freshman class will complete their course of study of four years in length, in June, 1908. These young men have worked for a year on their theses, which contain over twenty thousand words, and indicate the future occupation of the author. The names and the subjects follow:

Eugene Starr Cole, Corporate Management.

Hiram Shumway, Mercantile Administration.

Masuji Matsumoto, Financial Institutions in the U. S.

Cyrus H. Hoggatt, Commercial Education.

D. Walter Morton, Assistant Professor Commerce and Finance.—Dickinson College, A. B. 1902; A. M. 1906. Drew Theo. Sem., B. D. 1905. Graduate Student, Univ. of Penna. 1904-1906. Instructor Eastburn Academy, Philadelphia.

Calvert W. Dyer, Secretary and Instructor in Typewriting.—Cumberland University, A. B. 1900. Lockyear's Business College, Ind., 1902.

Samuel N. Reep.—B. V. Drake College of Oratory, DesMoines, Iowa. A. B. Drake University, DesMoines, Iowa. A. M. North Western College, Naperville, Illinois. B. D. Union Biblical Institute, Naperville, Illinois. Three years additional work in the University of Chicago in the Social Sciences with Sociology as the principal subject and History as secondary subject. The past summer was spent in gathering material for a Ph. D. thesis.

THE JAMES MILLIKIN
UNIVERSITY
DECATUR
ILL.

Music

Hermann H. Kaeuper, Director School of Music and Teacher of Piano, Composition, Etc. —Cincinnati College of Music. Student of Frank Van der Stucken, et al. Instructor Cincinnati College of Music, 1896-1897. Director Conservatory of Music, Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio, 1897-1902.

"It is a proved fact that the development of concentrative ability in thinking acts wonderfully in improving all mental faculties."

The School of Music

THE School of Music of the James Millikin University was founded in September, 1903. The faculty has grown to ten professors and twelve assistant teachers. The work of the school grows more gratifying from year to year; not only in artistic results, but also in the number of students enrolled. The recitals and concerts this year reflect great credit upon the members of the faculty; the pupils' recitals demonstrating the ability of the faculty members as teachers, and the faculty concerts their ability as artists.

The highest ideals in musical art are kept constantly before the students and the utmost care is exercised in every branch. A most encouraging development is the greatly increased interest in the theoretical branches of music study and the consequent improvement in the general musicianship of the students.

The School of Music consists of Elementary, Academic, Collegiate departments and a special Teachers Training Department. The Teachers Training Department includes classes for training of piano teachers who desire special training in the teaching of music in the public schools.

Many advantages are gained by students who study music in a college. Students are required to attend classes regularly. Teachers have no business matters to occupy their time, so that they are able to concentrate their full attention and entire energy upon the musical education of their pupils.

In a school of music properly conducted, pupils have every advantage which private instruction offers, with many additional advantages.

When there are several hundred students intent upon the attainment of proficiency each in his particular branch, much inspiration is gained by the exchange of ideas and a wholesome musical atmosphere, most valuable to every student, is created.

Some branches of study can only be taught satisfactorily in a college and such branches as harmony, counterpoint, composition, orchestration, history of music, and psychology in its relation to music, are essential for serious students of music.

"There's music in the sighing of a reed;
There's music in the gushing of a rill;
There's music in all things, if men had ears:
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres."

Frederick H. Baker, Piano Playing.—New England Conservatory, Boston, 1893. Royal Conservatory, Liepzig. Post-graduate work with Carl Faelton, Dr. Louis Maas, Mrs. Thomas Tapper, et al.

Frances Virginie Melton, Piano Playing.—College of Music, Illinois Woman's College, 1894. Illinois Woman's College, 1896. Five years post-graduate work at College of Music and with Wm. H. Sherwood, Chicago. With Wager Swayne and Harold Bauer, Paris, 1906.

Charles N. Lanphere.—Virgil Piano School, New York City, 1900; New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, 1907. Student in Normal Conservatory of Music, Potsdam, New York, 1897-1900. Director, Virgil Piano School, Chicago, 1900-1902; Teacher and Lecturer in Berlin, 1902-1903; Musical Director of Lowville Academy, New York, 1903-1905; Teacher of Piano-forte and head of Normal Training Department for Piano-forte Teachers in The James Millikin University School of Music, 1905-1908.

Thompson Stone, Piano and Pipe-organ.—New England Conservatory of Music, organ pupil of Wallace Goodrich, 1903-1904. Piano with Mrs. Thomas Tapper, Boston, 1903-1905; Harmony, Theory and Analysis, Newton Swift, Boston, 1903-1904. Study with Theodor Leschetizky, Vienna, 1906; James Millikin University, 1907-1908.

Theckla Leafbourg, Voice Culture.—Columbia School of Music, Chicago, 1904. Concert Touring, 1905. Private Teacher of Voice Culture, Chicago, 1906.

Edward Meek, Voice Culture and the Art of Singing.—College of Music, Cincinnati. Student of Mattioli, Cincinnati, George Sweet and Carl Dufft, New York. Member of faculty American Conservatory and Columbia School of Music, Chicago, 1900-1903.

Edson W. Morphy, Violin.—New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, 1899. Post Graduate Course, New England Conservatory, 1901-1902. With Paul Viardot in Paris, 1905-1906. Professor of Violin Playing and theoretical branches of music, Normal Conservatory, Potsdam, N. Y., 1900. Director of Violin and Orchestral Departments, Halifax Conservatory, Halifax, Nova Scotia, 1903-1905.

Augusta Sewell, Instructor in Harmony and Piano Playing.—Piano Teachers' Certificate, Chicago Musical College, 1901. Supervisor of Music in Public Schools at Laketon, Indiana, 1902-1903. Public School Music Diploma, American Conservatory of Music, Chicago, 1906.

Madah May Snell, Instructor in Piano Playing.—Certificate of Proficiency in Piano Playing, James Millikin University, 1906. Piano Teachers' Certificate, James Millikin University, 1907.

Ora Rogers, Instructor in Piano Playing.—Certificate of Proficiency in Harmony, 1906, James Millikin University. Piano Teachers' Certificate and Certificate of Proficiency in Piano Playing, James Millikin University, 1907-1908.

Twilight

A crooning lullaby of rustling green
Of quiet trees at twilight;—
A peace on hill; in valley, spangled sheen
Of fireflies in the twilight;—
In every treetop, rest;
The earth, with quiet blessed,
Soft sinks to sleep, lulled by the still wind's sighing,
As lights are low,
And flickering shadows, 'neath the great oaks lying,
Soft come, and go.
The lingering glory has departed from the hill;
No more the clouds it tinges
With fair-shadowed fringes,
And cooling, fragrant, murmuring darkness spreads, and still
Is man's discordant strife,
And struggle ends,
And daylight blends
With cooling dusk, and life
Is hushed, save for the frog's low whirr,
And cricket's chirp, and grasses' stir,
And lone night owl, far, far away,
Sends forth his plaint at close of day.
For day is done,
And, one by one,
As trees and grasses nod to sleep,
And drowsy starlets faintly peep;
And I sit, and think, and think,
Gazing deep into the darkness settling 'round me, hollow, vast,

Searching dimness 'round about me for dim phantoms of the Past;
Lingering e'er on memory's brink
With halting feet.
Ah, how sweet
To sit alone, and dream, at set of sun,
When all the world is vague with coming night,—
To hear old voices whisper, sweet and low,
And see dear faces steal back, one by one,
And thrill anew to each long-past delight,
When shadows flicker, and the lights are low,
When memories, like voices, fill the gale,
When quiet twilight peace and gladness brings,
And songs, tho felt, unsung, and griefs that pale,
And loves that flush, and hopes that lift on wings,—
And on the silent hills
Day's latest glory thrills
In the West,
As the Spirit of the Evening softly o'er my mind is stealing,
Soothing, healing,
E'er repose, our spirits sealing,
Calls to rest.

—R. R. Turner.

Woman's Hall

Lucy M. Valentine, Dean of Women and Assistant in Domestic Art.—Burr and Benton Seminary, 1881; Mr. Bres School, Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, 1883; Miss Shipman Finishing School, Clinton, N. Y., 1884; Special work in Drury College. Ten years' travel and study abroad; Associate Principal Mrs. Backus' School for Girls, Saint Paul, 1903-1904; Special Course, University of Minnesota; Teacher, St. Mark's Industrial School, Minneapolis; Assistant in Domestic Art, College of Agriculture, University of Minnesota, 1906-1907; Teacher of Domestic Art in vacation, City Schools, Minneapolis; The James Millikin University, 1907-1908.

Woman's Hall

THE Woman's Hall, completed in September, 1907, is 48 x 116 feet, five stories high including basement and attic floors. The basement accommodates the splendid dining room shown in the picture, the kitchen, storage, laundry, and other necessary adjuncts. The first floor provides the handsome parlors and Dean's rooms, also shown in the picture, and eight students' rooms. The second and third floors have a dozen students' rooms each. The attic floor has eight rooms for students and for the necessary help. At the opposite ends of each corridor on the three main floors is a cosy alcove with writing table and accessories.

The living room is tastefully furnished; the mantle being especially worthy of mention because of its simplicity and neatness.

Two handsome gifts have been received at the hall. A clock by Frank Curtis & Co., and a chair by T. A. Powers.

Officers

President—James David Moses, '06, Emporia, Kansas.
Vice-President—Ray Oliphant, '07, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.
Secretary and Treasurer—J. Arthur Moore, '07, Decatur, Illinois.

Members of the Association

Atlass, Golda M., A. B., '05.
Baker, Alice A., A. B., '05.
Barry, Elsa Olsen, A. B., '07.
Baker, Emma L., B. S. with Pedagogy, '05.
Bankson, Ellis Edwin, B. S. in Civil Engineering, '07.
Bauer, Ralph S., A. M., '06.
Bennett, Orris, B. S. in Commerce and Finance, '07.
Bone, Keach, A. B. with Scientific Foundation, '07.
Boyd, Anne Morris, A. B. with Library Science, '06.
Bryant, Earle R., A. B., '06.
Bryant, Estelle, A. B. with Library Science, '06.
Bumgarner, Ethel, A. B., '07.
Bumgarner, Isabel, A. B., '07.
Cockrell, Ella M., B. S. with Pedagogy, '06, A. M., '07.
Dappert, Junius Earl, B. S. in Electrical Engineering, '07.
Davidson, John W., B. S. in Civil Engineering, '07.
DePuy, Maude, B. S. with Pedagogy, '07.
Diller, Ida Odessa, A. B., '07.
Doran, Edwin W., A. M. with Pedagogy, '06.
Ferguson, Jessie L., A. B., with Library Science, '07.
Finfrock, Ella Hope, A. B., '07.
Handlin, Irene, B. S. in Fine and Applied Arts, '07.
Humphrey, Harry N., A. B., '07.
Keeton, Robert W., B. S. with Pedagogy, '04.
King, Edward L., A. B., '04, B. S. with Pedagogy, '05.
Laughlin, Lulu L., A. B. '07
Lichtenberger, Jessie, A. B., '07.
Lindsay, Ada Emilie, A. B., '05.
Lyons, Florence L., B. S. with Pedagogy, '04.
McCaslin, Davida, B. S. with Pedagogy, '07.
McDavid, Horace Wilson, A. B., '07.
McGaughey, William Ray, A. B., '06.
Magill, Anna Dora, A. B., '07.
Miller, Hallie May, A. B., '07.
Miller, Trenna June, A. B., '06.
Mills, Judith Bell, A. B. with Scientific Foundation, '07.
Moore, J. Arthur, B. S. in Commerce and Finance, '07.
Morrow, Edgar Daniel, A. B., '07.
Moses, James David, B. S. in Commerce and Finance, '06.
Oliphant, Ray, B. S. in Electrical Engineering, '07.
Padon, C. Bertram, B. S. in Electrical Engineering, '07.
Patterson, Letha Bayhan, A. B., '07.
Payne, Daisy Venita, A. B., '07.
Penhallegon, Lucy Wilson, B. S. with Pedagogy, '05.
Poor, Mary Leslie, A. B., '07.
Porter, H. Guy, B. S. in Electrical Engineering, '07.
Post, Charles Arthur, B. S. in Commerce and Finance, '07.
Record, Charles Franklin, A. B., '05.
Redmon, Minnie, A. B., '07.
Sanders, Robert Zink, B. S., '07.
Schudel, John F., A. B., '05.
Still, Iva Marguerite, A. B., '05.
Stone, Helen L., B. S. with D. S., '07.
Summers, Florence Jones, A. B., '06.
Uhler, Anna Belle, A. B., '06.
Whitehouse, Casca, A. B., '07.
Williamson, Kent, A. B., '07.
Witzemann, Edgar John, A. B., '07.
Wozencraft, J. G., A. B., '06.
Yanders, Ethel M., A. B., '06.

Millikin Our Millikin

I

Around thy walls a magic haze,
Millikin, old Millikin,
Appears to our adoring gaze,
Millikin, old Millikin.
Then loud and long the chorus raise
To thee we lift our song of praise,
In these our joyous college days,
Millikin, our Millikin.

II

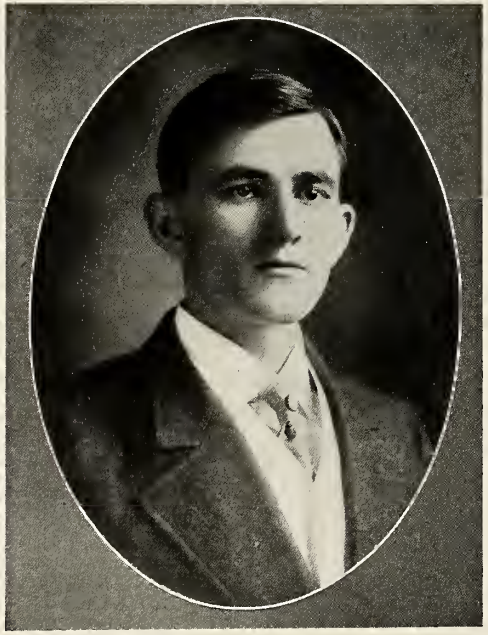
We must revere our founder old,
Millikin, old Millikin,
His heart is of the purest gold,
Millikin, old Millikin.
His fame and thine together hold,
And tho we all your praise unfold,
Not half thy glory can be told,
Millikin, our Millikin.

III

Oh, Alma Mater, true as steel,
Millikin, old Millikin.
Inspire our hearts with holy zeal,
Millikin, old Millikin.
And may our lives in woe and weal,
Thy teachings ever good reveal,
Deserving thy approval's seal,
Millikin, our Millikin.

—Carleton F. Mattes.

THE
SENIORS



Officers

President—E. Starr Cole.
Vice-President—Bonnie Blackburn.
Secretary—Frances Fell.
Treasurer—Ansel Magill.
Marshals—Ruth Bicknell,
Masuji Matsumoto.

Motto: Qui E Nuce Nuceleum esse vult Francat Nucem.

Colors: Black and Cardinal Red.

We have done, as always during our stay at Millikin, our best for our college and for our class. Our life at Millikin has been pleasant and we have done our best to make it profitable, both to ourselves and to others.

Senior History

WE are making our farewell appearance, but before we quite leave the stage it seems fitting and proper to remind you once again of the fact that '08 is really a most remarkable class. To take pride in the history of one's class is a pardonable thing when that class has achieved such a record as has the class of '08. Other classes may have to resort to dreams and visions when they speak of their respective greatnesses, but not we. Let the facts speak for themselves.

Four years ago we entered the University, one hundred and five in number,—fat and lean, long and short, wise and simple, rude and foolish, but sharks without exception. We went through the regulation process of filling out programs and being hazed, but did not have much occasion to show our prowess as "scrappers," as color rushes had not yet been introduced. We did hang up a sample of our red and black on top of the smokestack for the edification and enlightenment of the University in general and the Sophomores in particular but nothing serious happened.

Profiting by our first year's experience with the class of '07 when they took us one by one and dumped us in the branch of Steven's Creek, the hazing of the '09 class at our hands was a great success. In fact, though numbering only fifty-four, the '08 class showed such a great amount of energy in their onslaughts upon the '09 class, that the Faculty put a ban on hazing. Besides this, we found time to make ourselves known along more scholastic lines. E. Starr Cole carried off first prize in the Brown debate, and Bonnie Blackburn won the original story prize in the Inter-Society contest. Had we time, we might mention other triumphs in field and class room, but let your memories suffice.

The beginning of our Junior year found us with sadly diminished ranks but with true class loyalty still flowing in our veins. We still retained and even advanced our prominent place in school affairs. Hiram Shumway was elected president of the Central Illinois Debating League and also won the oration in the Inter-Society Contest. Starr Cole was a member of the debating team which met the team of the Missouri Valley College. In this year we also gave our first large social event, when we were hosts to the class of 1907 at the annual banquet. We were especially proud of this, as we established the precedent of having the Junior-Senior banquet in the corridors of the University.

As a Senior Class, though we have but sixteen members, we have gracefully filled our position as leaders in the school. Two members of the class, Mr. Cole and Mr. VanCleve, were on the team which defeated Wesleyan in debate, and Mr. Cole and Mr. Shumway took part in the Inter-Society Contest. The Senior play and reception the early part of the year was a most amusing and enjoyable affair, and the Senior trolley-ride and bonfire will never be forgotten by some of us, at least. As we look back, the year seems crowded with events, and yet it seems

short, also. We have done, as always during our stay at Millikin, our best for our college and for our class. We have been prominent in athletic gatherings—on the sidelines and in the bleachers as well as in the field,—and we have been prominent in all that stands for the advancement and betterment of our University, and now that we are about to retire, we say to you, our fellow students,—Farewell. Our life at Millikin has been pleasant and we have done our best to make it profitable, both to ourselves and to others. And to you, our Alma Mater, we feel the greatest of obligations for your kindly fostering care. May abundant success ever attend your efforts; may you be blessed with the grateful remembrance of many alumni. And now again, and for the last time,—Farewell.

—Bonnie Blackburn.

Deeds

Deeds are great but thoughts are greater,
Count not desires what you do;
Time may change and chance may alter,
Let the soul beneath hold true.

Deeds are but the soul's expression,
Vestments that our thoughts put on.
Does the sun that clouds the brilliance
Only constitute the dawn?

—W. H. B.

Ruth Bicknell, Δ Θ Ψ, A. B., Lovington, Illinois. Champaign High School, 1904; University of Illinois, 1904-1905. Entered J. M. U., 1906; Secretary Y. W. C. A., 8; Assistant Editor Millidek.

Thesis: "Echoes and Repetitions of Horace in English Literature."

Bonnie Blackburn, Χ Σ Φ, A. B., Decatur, Ill. Graduate of Decatur High School, 1903; Secretary of Class, 5, 6, 7; Secretary Philomathean Literary Society, 6; Inter-Society Contest, 6; Local Editor of Decaturian, 5, 6, 7; Vice-President, Senior Class; Literary Editor of Millidek. Student Assistant in French.

Thesis: "Comparative Study of Literature of France and England in the 17th Century."

Eugene Starr Cole, Κ Δ Χ, B. S. in C. & F., Hastings, Nebraska. Hastings High School, 1903. J. M. U. Battalion, 4, 5; Corporal, 4, Sergeant-Major, 5; Secretary-Treasurer, 4, 5; Brown Debate, 6, 7, 8, Winner, 6; Debating Club, 5, 6, 7, 8; Secretary, 5, 6, President, 7, 8; Dramatic Art Club, 5, 6, 7, 8; Treasurer, 7, Stage Manager, 8; Y. M. C. A. 5, 6, 7, 8;Chairman, Bible Study Committee, 7; Chairman, Membership Committee, 8; Commerce and Finance Association, 5, 6, 7, 8; Secretary, 5; Vice-President, 7; President, 8; Orlandian Literary Society, 5, 6, 7, 8; Prosecuting-Attorney, 6; Vice-President, 7, President, 8; Critic, 8; Open-Meeting, 7, 8; Inter-Society Contest Debate, 6, 7, 8; Winner with McDavid, 6, 7; Inter-Collegiate Debate, 6, 7, 8; Millikin-Missouri Valley, 7. Leader, Millikin-Wesleyan, 6, 8; Vice-President, Athletic Asociation. President, Senior Class. Editor-in-Chief, Decaturian and Millidek.

Thesis: "The Organization and Administration of a Corporate Industry."

Lulalou De Groat, A. B., Decatur, Ill. Decatur High School, 1903. Y. W. C. A. Local Editor of Decaturian, 1907-1908. Art Editor of the Millidek.

Thesis: "The Decatur Dialect of German."

Frances Fell, A. B., Decatur, Ill. Decatur High School, 1904. J. M. U., 1904-1908. Y. W. C. A., 5, 8. Secretary, Senior Class. Class Editor of Millidek.

Thesis: "Classical Influences in Keats and Shelley."

Bertha Eaton, A. B., Decatur, Ill. Decatur High School, 1904. J. M. U., 1904-1908. Y. W. C. A., 8. Assistant Organization Editor of Millidek.

Thesis: "Browning's Attitude Toward Life as Contrasted with that of Horace."

Cyrus Hoggatt, B. S. with C. & F., Lovington, Illinois. Commerce and Finance Association, 5, 6, 7, 8; Chorus; Orchestra; Band; Battalion, 5; Track Team, 5; Football Team, 4; Captain Second Team, 5; Philomathean Literary Society; Kappa Kappa Kappa Fraternity; Chairman Music Committee Y. M. C. A., 8; Assistant Instructor in Academy; Secretary to Business Manager of Millidek.

Thesis: "Higher Commercial Education."

Lottie Alice Lamb, A. B., Worden, Illinois. Shurtleff College Academy, 1905; Shurtleff College. Entered J. M. U., 1906. Orlandian Literary Society, 7, 8; Critic, 8; Vice-President, 8; Y. W. C. A., 7, 8; Cabinet, Chairman Missionary Committee; Department Editor, Millidek.

Thesis: "Influence of Homer on Literature."

Jacob Ray Kirk, B. S. in Electrical Engineering, Moweaqua, Illinois. Moweaqua High School, 1898; Eureka College; Edmund Burke Literary Society; James Millikin University Academy, 1904; Y. M. C. A.; Engineering Society; J. M. U. Band.

Thesis: "The Construction and Testing of a Two-Cylinder Gasoline Engine."

Ansel O. Magill, A. B. ΑΣΘ. Sullivan High School, 1902; Deutches Verein, President, 5; Orlandian Literary Society; Glee Club, 5, 6, 7; University Band, 5; Orlandian Open Meeting Play, 8; Treasurer Senior Class; Assistant Business Manager Millidek.

Thesis: "Health Department."

Masuji Matsumoto, B. S. with C. & F., Tokio, Japan. Tokio High School, Japan, 1903; Keio College, Japan, 1903; Univ. of Penn., 1906-1907; James Millikin University, 1904, 5 and 8; Member of the Y. M. C. A.; Commerce and Finance Association; Treasurer, 5; Marshal of the Senior Class; Assistant Secretary of the Millidek Board.

Thesis: "Leading Financial Institutions of the United States,—Their History, Development, Functions, and Organization."

Verne Ralph Ross, ΑΣΘ, A. B., Donnellson, Ill. Orlandian Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.; First Sergeant Co. A Battalion; Scientific Association; Track Team, 1904-1906-1907; Football Team, 1904-1905-1907; Mgr. Football Team, 1907; Athletic Editor Millidek; Senior Partner in College Supply Store, 1907-1908.

Thesis: "An Investigation of the Decatur Milk Supply."

Hiram M. Shumway, ΚΔΧ, B. S. in C. and F., Taylorville, Illinois. Entered J. M. U., 1904. Taylorville Township High School, 4; President Sophomore Class, 6; First Lieutenant Battalion, 5; President, Central Illinois Debate League; President, Philomathean Literary Society, 6; President, Com. & Fin. Association, 5; Manager Football Team, 6; Track Team, 6, 7; Associate Editor, Decaturian, 8; President, Athletic Association, 8; Inter-Society Contest Oration, 7, 8, Winner, 7; Business Manager, Millidek.

Thesis: "The Administration of a Mercantile Business."

G. Ellen Stone, A. B., Sturgis, Kentucky. Y. W. C. A., Ohio Valley Academy; Lexington State College Scholarship at 15; Lexington State College, Lincoln College, 1904-1906; Amicitian Literary Society and Y. W. C. A.; entered J. M. U., 1906.

Thesis: "The Growth of the Idea of the Deity and Immortality Amongst the Greeks."

Katherine Trautman, Δ Θ Ψ, B. S. in Domestic Science. Decatur High School, 1903. Illinois State Normal, summer 1904. Treasurer, Y. W. C. A., J. M. U., 6; Assistant in Domestic Science, 1907; Vice-President Athletic Assoc., 8; Domestic Economy Editor of Decaturian, 8; Organization Editor of Millidek, 8.

Thesis: "Fireless Cookery."

Arthur Van Cleve, Α Σ Θ, A. B., Decatur, Illinois. Decatur High School, 1904; Brown Debate, 7, 8; Debating Club, 6, 7, 8, Secretary, 8; Dramatic Art, 7, 8; Glee Club, 5, 6, 7; Central Illinois Debate League, Vice-President, 7, President, 8; Class President, 7; Millikin-Wesleyan Debate, 8; Joke Editor, Millidek.

Thesis: "The Development of the French Novel."

Philip Augustus Lehenbauer, B. S. with Pedagogy, Hannibal, Missouri. Van Renssalaer Academy, 1903; Teacher in Public Schools, West Ely, Mo., 4, 5; A. B., Westminster College, Fulton, Mo, 7; Fellow in Biology, J. M. U., 8; President of Scientific Association, 8.

Jessie Reeves Penhallegon, A. B., Western College, 1904. Principal, Neoga High School, 1906-1907; Fellow in Latin, James Millikin University, 1907-1908; M. A. James Millikin University, 1908.

Senior Play

"The Prairie Princesses"

Cast:

Duchess	Katherine Trautman
Lady Fanny	Bonnie Blackburn
Lord Algernon	E. Starr Cole
Lightning Lou	Ruth Bickneli
Mashing Madge	Jessie Penhallegon
Dick Majendie	Arthur Van Cleve
Footman	Hiram Shumway

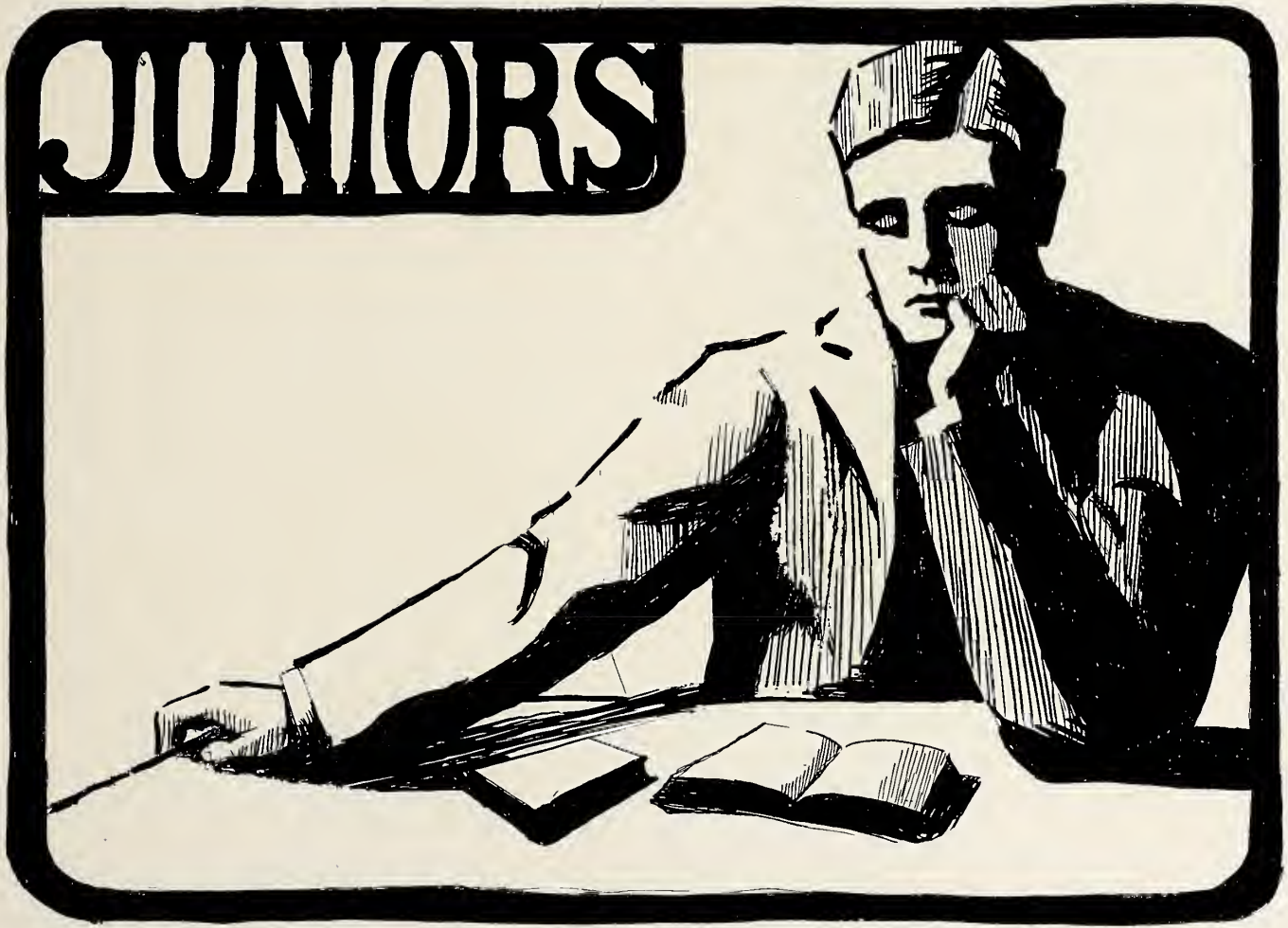
Class Day Program

4 P. M.—In the Chapel.

March—
Music—
Roll Call
Class Ode - - - - - Miss Bonnie Blackburn
Class Addresses:
To the University - Miss Ruth Bicknell
To the Underclassmen - Arthur Van Cleve
To the Faculty - - - Verne Ross
Class Song - - - - - - Class Quartet
Presentation of Class Gift - - Hiram M. Shumway
Acceptance by President.

5 P. M.—On the Campus

March—
The Burying of Class Names
Song—
Class Prophecy - - Class Witch—Miss Frances Fell
Presentation of Gavel to Juniors - - E. Starr Cole
Acceptance - - - - - - William Bell
Farewell—


JUNIORS

Officers

President—William Bell
Vice-President—Irene Leiby
Secretary—Fred Benton
Treasurer—Frank Culp
Marshals—Ward Bricker
Ewing Wilson

Motto: Res non Verba.

Colors: Purple and White.

On a bright September morning in 1905 Prexie welcomed his dream-children, who came to live, move and have their being under his paternal care. Yes, as he looked down upon us in Chapel that first morning we knew that his heart would fain cry out what his lips could not, "Thou art the Class!"

Junior History

THERE is nothing new under the sun." Oh! but there is,—just one new thing,—and that at Millikin. Here the faculty boast a Junior Class, the like of which history's pages bear no record of, a class which by its advent proved to be the savior of the institution. Not unlooked-for, not unhoped-for was old 1909; for tradition (even new colleges have their traditions), promised to the school a people who, by their sturdy devotion to duty, their intellectuality and moral worth, were to be the glory of its walls and an example to the students of all times. For it had come to pass that on the night before the alma mater received her very first foster children, Prexie dreamed a dream in which there appeared a company of eighty-seven of the brightest, most earnest and most ardent young folks he had ever seen, headed by a gallant youth whom they all did hail as "William the Conqueror." Waving on high the pennants which they bore they shouted in unison, "Soon we'll be yours." The cock crowed for the break of day and Prexie awoke to find the glorious body vanished, but he knew intuitively that he had had a vision of the class ideal.

Words cannot express the disappointment and the heartache all the faculty experienced as each new class entered, showing by their faces and later by their work that they could not vie with that peerless one to be. Year after year they watched each emerald order put on its Freshman labels, with the same defeated longing that Ernest felt as he gazed at the Great Stone Face. The institution could not thrive amid such mediocrity of scholarship and such lukewarmness of spirit. There must be a change! They would not consign the whole school to failure. No, the faculty must wait until the fullness of time! Then came our present Seniors. We do admit they offered some encouragement, they had a man who was a Starr among them; but still they were not the band of whom tradition told. Hope was not always to be deferred! On a bright September morning in 1905 Prexie welcomed his dream-children, who came to live, move, and have their being under his paternal care. Yes, as he looked down upon us in Chapel that first morning we knew that his heart would fain cry out what his lips could not, "Thou art the class!" The ideal had become the real; coöperation was here at last!

Thus we came: what we saw let others tell; how we conquered is our theme. Our predecessors in the field offered little molestation. They were apt pupils in the school which teaches "let well enough alone." Even 1908 deemed it wise to retreat before our advances. Then came the Sophomores; we'll waste no words here over a body of such poor calibre. In scholarship we triumphed over them. They used to croak about some insignificant contest, and nothing but a deed of brutish violence at that, a color-rush they called it, in which they gained the upper hand. About that we cannot speak, our memories fail us here; if such a thing ever happened, it has sunk into oblivion on our part. But when this year ushered in our Freshmen, we

saw before us a class of different stamp, one bound to succeed if ambition counts for aught. These youthful would-be wonders dared to rival our fame—and with what result? We studied; they studied; we put forth our best in all lines of development that the school offers; they put forth theirs. Our William met their Harold; we triumphed, not Hastings but Millikin was ours!

What we, the class of 1909, acknowledged leaders of the college, are doing here, modesty forbids us to relate. The records are the best testimony of our scholarship. In literary societies the large number of our members and the part we play, speak louder than any assertions from us. In English the classes now study the great American writers; the classes of the next generation must add to that list, McGee, our winner in the prize story contest. The debating club declares the merits of our future politicians. The Christian associations serve as witnesses of our religious bent. The fraternal organizations are proof of the brotherly love we cherish. Even the Athletic Association forgets not our services. No more references will we give. It is the part of other classes, not so fearfully and wonderfully made, to send forth their volleys of eternal babble. All other glories in our history must remain untold. The lips of the oracle are sealed!

—Lucile M. Bragg, 1909.

Quinlan Mattes James Elder Banfill Stevens
Stapp Wilson Mills Hudson Burgess McGee Culp
Lehenbauer Still Baxter Leiby Atherton Bricker Bellamy Miller
Staley Davenport Strader Bell Carter Sansom Bragg

Rodgers and Clark Story Contest

Winning Story by Fred T. McGee, Member Junior Class

UNCLE Ned threw another armful of pine knots upon the fire. The flickering light danced upon the quaint figure of the old slave with his bent back and short white hair and fantastic old clothes. Suddenly the litttle boy cried out:

"Uncle Ned, look at the face in the fire."

And there, sure enough, was the crude outline of a human face. The seams and scars of a gnarled old knot formed the features; the fire glowed fiercely through the two holes which served as the eyes, and over all, the flames cast a dull, red hue. The burning boughs in front, like a veil, concealed the true nature of the apparition. The lady and the little girl turned away quickly from the window and the storm, and came forward.

"Dat mus' be de ole Indian," said Uncle Ned.

The flames broke through a crevice in the knot, and the "Ole Indian" seemed to blow his breath upon them. Uncle Ned drew back and the little girl in terror clung to her mother. Even as they looked, the face faded away.

"Missus, de darkies say dat when de ole Indian shows his face, somethin' sho' is agwine to happen."

The lady trembled as she thought of her husband lying dead on some far-away battle-field or already buried in some forgotten soldier's grave.

"Missus, I spec' dat Young Marster has dun gawn and rit y'u but sum ob dem no 'count free soljuhrs hab tuk hit awa' from de pahty what was abringin' hit. Young Marster am alright. If he am not, y'u wud hab hyeared from de Kurnel ob his regimen'."

The lady glanced around the room more calmly. Never had everything looked so bare, and the home-made clothes of the children seemed even poorer than they were. Something must be done!

"Uncle Ned," said the lady.

"Yes, marm, missus."

"I shall have to sell a part of the plantation soon, Uncle Ned."

"You'se agwine to sell a paht ob de ole plantation?" The thing seemed impossible.

"Yes, it will have to be sold," and the lady looked at the little boy and girl who were planning a fort with the few old blocks they had.

Sadly she turned away and thought again of her lover and the fast horse and the bright sword, and the sweet songs of the little birds came floating back through the warm spring air.

Outdoors the rain had ceased and the North wind attacked more fiercely the unprotected crevices of the old house. It rattled the shutters and wailed dismally around the corners. The children stopped laughing for a moment to listen to the sound.

Uncle Ned drew himself closer to the fire. The cold seemed to creep into the room and fasten itself upon him.

"Dey's agwine to sell a paht ob de lan'," he said to himself. "What wud Ole Marster what was dead an' gawn an' lay sleepin under de white stones on de hill, what wud he say?"

And he thought of the days when the old master was the gallant of the countryside and had gone every night in the week to a dance, carrying along with him Uncle Ned and the treasured banjo. He remembered the day when the old master had married. The young man with frank and smiling face had led his beautiful bride down the steps of the great house to the carriage between two long lines of grinning slaves and had smiled at him as he went past. The flowers and the music and the dresses and the happy cries of the slaves, all came back to him. And the years in which he had "helped Young Marster grow," how happy the old master had been in those days. The pine knots themselves seemed to catch the spirit of joy, for they popped furiously as if they were a regiment of soldiers saluting, and the blue and white flames mingled together and leaped on the wood like a whole company of dancers.

At that moment a particularly long shriek of the wind echoed through the valley. Uncle Ned wondered if the "Ole Indian" was calling his victims. The thought made him uncomfortable. Had not someone on the plantation died every time the face had been seen? But to-night only Young Missus, the children and he were there,—the "Ole Indian" must be mistaken this time. He felt strangely weak and tired, and his head slipped farther down upon his hand. How many things he thought of to-night.

The old slave's mind wandered away from the form of the old master and in its place, there came the vision of a little negro boy. With a smile overspreading his features and his teeth gleaming through the open lips, the boy stood, with a fishing rod in one hand and a torn, old straw hat in the other.

"Cum, Uncle Ned," he seemed to say, "let's go down to de cool ob de woods, and hook sum ob dem trout."

Uncle Ned smiled as he looked. He thought of the night when he had found the little fellow wandering around in the woods and how everyone on the plantation had laughed when he said he would keep him. He had learned to love the boy, who would follow him around all day and at night was his only companion down at the little cabin near the big rock. The little boy, though, was as wild as the woods from which he came, and when he grew older and was put to work in the hot fields all day, a restless desire to steal away grew ever with him. Uncle Ned remembered the night when the boy came to him and said:

"Uncle Ned, I'se agwine."

"Agwine whar?"

"I'se agwine awa'," and after that night for a long time nothing was heard of the little negro boy.

One day there rode up to Uncle Ned's cabin a colored troop of United States soldiers. The old darky was dazzled with the glitter of their brass buttons and gold lace. The runaway stepped forth, and the old slave rushed for-

ward to meet him. He told Uncle Ned wonderful stories of the years that had passed.

"Cum, Uncle Ned," he said, "yo' Ole Marster and Missus is dead an' all de ole folks am gawn—cum North an' lib with me. I'se a-comin' back in a few mo' months fo' y'u."

"Naw, naw, chile, I'se afeared hit ain't agoin' to be, for I ain't agwine awa' from Ole Marster's folks in dese here troublous times. Naw"—he hesitated and his face lighted up—"'cept I gib dem what dis ole nigger am wuth."

The soldiers departed and Uncle Ned went out to the hot fields. As he dragged his feet over the long cotton rows, he thought of the things the boy had said. He began to save the little money that was given him.

The fair-haired boy on the hearth had fallen asleep. Uncle Ned looked down into his face. The cheeks were round and glowed with the heat of the fire, and the mouth and the eyes were those of the old master. The child smiled as he thought of something pleasant in his dreams. For a long time, Uncle Ned remained motionless, looking at the boy.

"Dey's agwine to sell a paht ob de lan' what b'longs to this little fellah an' he ain't agwine to hab as much as Young Marster an' Ole Marster. Wud Ole Marster think dat he had dun right to let dem sell hit?"

And he thought of Ole Marster as he lay dying, propped up by the great white pillows, and how when he came into the room where all the white folks were, Ole Marster had said:

"Uncle Ned, I am going away and I won't come back. You have been a faithful slave. I want you to watch the old plantation when I am gone."

His gaze wandered back to the flickering flames. He saw another face in the fire. It was that of a kind old man. The face smiled gravely at him and seemed to say:

"Uncle Ned, watch the old plantation."

Uncle Ned looked at the little boy again and the gold coins in his pocket burned as fiercely as did the pine knots in the fire. He hesitated a moment, then stole over to the little form and slipped something into the child's hand.

"Dere, hit's dun."

The fire seemed never to have burned more brightly. His headache was gone, and his back did not hurt and his limbs were not tired. The face seemed to beckon him nearer. He leaned forward to look at it. Suddenly, he arose:

"Ole Marster, I'se a-comin'."

SOPHS.

Officers

President—Flora Ross
Vice-President—Robert Miller
Treasurer—Chester Hyde
Secretary—Zella Hostettler

Motto: Peraget angusta ad augusta.

Colors: Black and Gold.

Truly the great Providence has
wonderfully blessed that band.

Johnson Reynolds Hamilton Baird Isaacs Flegel
Sly Pease Wasem Cox Hyde Nitchals
Poole Bone Ross E. Ross McGrath Dudley Martin
Lyons Montgomery Hostettler Hannah Armstrong King Ewers Hartwig
McNeil Miller Stevenson Drake Ross Drake Boyd Jones Tooker

Sophomore History

"Wealth I seek not, hope nor love
Nor a friend to know me:
All I seek the heaven above
And the road before me."

One night as I sat musing in my sequestered room, poring over massive volumes of ancient lore, quoting now and then a modern passage from Chaucer or Spenser with feigned admiration, I fell into a deep sleep. As I thus sat sleeping, forgetful of all the worldly things with which a student's mind is almost always engrossed, I dreamed a dream, and a strange apparition rose up before me in a vision. I saw three angels clad in light, wearing golden crowns set with many stars, each bearing a wreath of glory and a small book that reminded me of Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus."

At first I was fearful and tried to tear the thick veil of light that enveloped me, but the magic splendor of the celestial jewels held me fixedly awed. As I stared at the wonderful glory of those adamantine stars I recognized in each a picture of some great hero or event. While yet I stupidly gazed in astonishment, the first angel raised his book and spoke in fear-dispelling words, "I am the spirit of the past." When he ceased, I had entirely regained my mental equilibrium and freely comprehended every flaming word he spoke thereafter. He read a tale as wonderful as Homer's famous Epic, of heroes as mighty as Ajax, of deeds as marvellous as Achilles', of seers as wise as Nestor, of gallant foemen worthy of Trojan Hector, of maidens fair as Helen, as sympathetic and true as Andromache.

He read of the eighty-seven gallant knights and fair ladies who set out in the autumn of nineteen hundred six A. D., to find the magic fountain of Knowledge, hidden somewhere in a mighty castle in a far-away, strange land, guarded by seven hundred battle-tried warriors taught of forty august sages the **pilots** of the land. He told of the triumphal entry of the Freshman Class '10 thru the great arched door of the famous clock-tower, into the marble corridors of the palatial structure of the J. M. U.

He finished his strange narration by reciting with dramatic interpretation the far-famed "Epic of the Oak," which tells in glowing words of the fierce battle which took place that balmy October morning, when the solid square of '10 rallied around the Gold and Black and stood as firmly rooted to the ground as the famous oak they defended against the furious onslaughts of the heroic phalanx of '09, whose mightiest impulse recoiled from that wall of brawn as sunbeams reflected from the icy glaciers of the frozen North.

And when he had ended his strange but true story he

vanished from my sight into the black gloom, and a mightier and grander angel stood before me and said in thunderous tones, "I am the Spirit of the Present." Before I could recover from my embarrassed amazement he raised his book, upon the cover of which was written in letters of pure light, "Sophomore, '10, Wonder Book, J. M. U.," and continued the strange, mysterious theme of his companion. His was indeed a fascinating story, interestingly sublime. As nearly as memory recalls, his story ran:

On September tenth, nineteen hundred seven, the celebrated Class of '10 enters stronger, both in numerical value and brain energy, than it had left here as Freshmen the year previous, a gigantic proposition hitherto undreamed of at Millikin.

Truly great Providence has wonderfully blessed that band. Twice the god of war has shielded them under his grim smile. Conquering, unconquerable, they stand preeminent since that pitchy black night succeeding the gloomy day when the Freshman White and Blue flapped in dingy triumph from the heaven-towering smoke-pile. All day long ambitious fire ranged in Spartan breasts; all day long the colors waved in triumph. Darkness came, and with it the question—will morning dawn on specters conquered or spirits indomitable?

But this peaceful midsummer-night scene was soon to alter. Suddenly there was an awful rush, the noise and confusion of battle, a splash in the placid Styx, and the deed was done: twenty-five Freshmen met a watery fate. But the colors yet wave in space.

The second great battle was fought; the second great victory was won. With this he closed the book and said quietly, "My records as yet are incomplete: man molds his destiny—the last chapter remains with you." As he uttered these words he vanished—a specter in the darkness—and was seen no more.

Yet the pause of a second and I heard the strains of enchanting music, a melody purer than the strains of the golden harp of Orpheus, and a third angel stood before me, saying kindly: "I am the Spirit of the Future." Scarcely had he ended when I heard the heavy tread of marching feet, and behold: There they came, clad in mortar-board and gown, girded for battle, equipped for life, with bowed heads, the Class of '10. Thru the dim perspective I saw Prexie, Profs. Conant, Stevenson, Shaw, Morton, and the rest, watching the procession with filled eyes. When the angel beheld it he raised his book and sang in tones purer than the silv'ry moonlight this mysterious but solemn lay:

A mighty star is ascending
To its zenith in the sky;
And its living rays are searching
In a future that is nigh.

Slow and steady you're advancing
From the pleasant walks of life,
To adorn the faithful armor
And be heroes in the strife.

Fame the barrier stands before you,
And the path is dark as night;
But by ever pushing onward
You shall gain the stormy height.

Time is but a rushing river,
Labor but the strange device
With which you must ever battle
For the royal crown of life.

Onward then, thou faithful legion—
Wrestle with the foes of life;
Future years shall yet behold thee
As you conquer every vice.

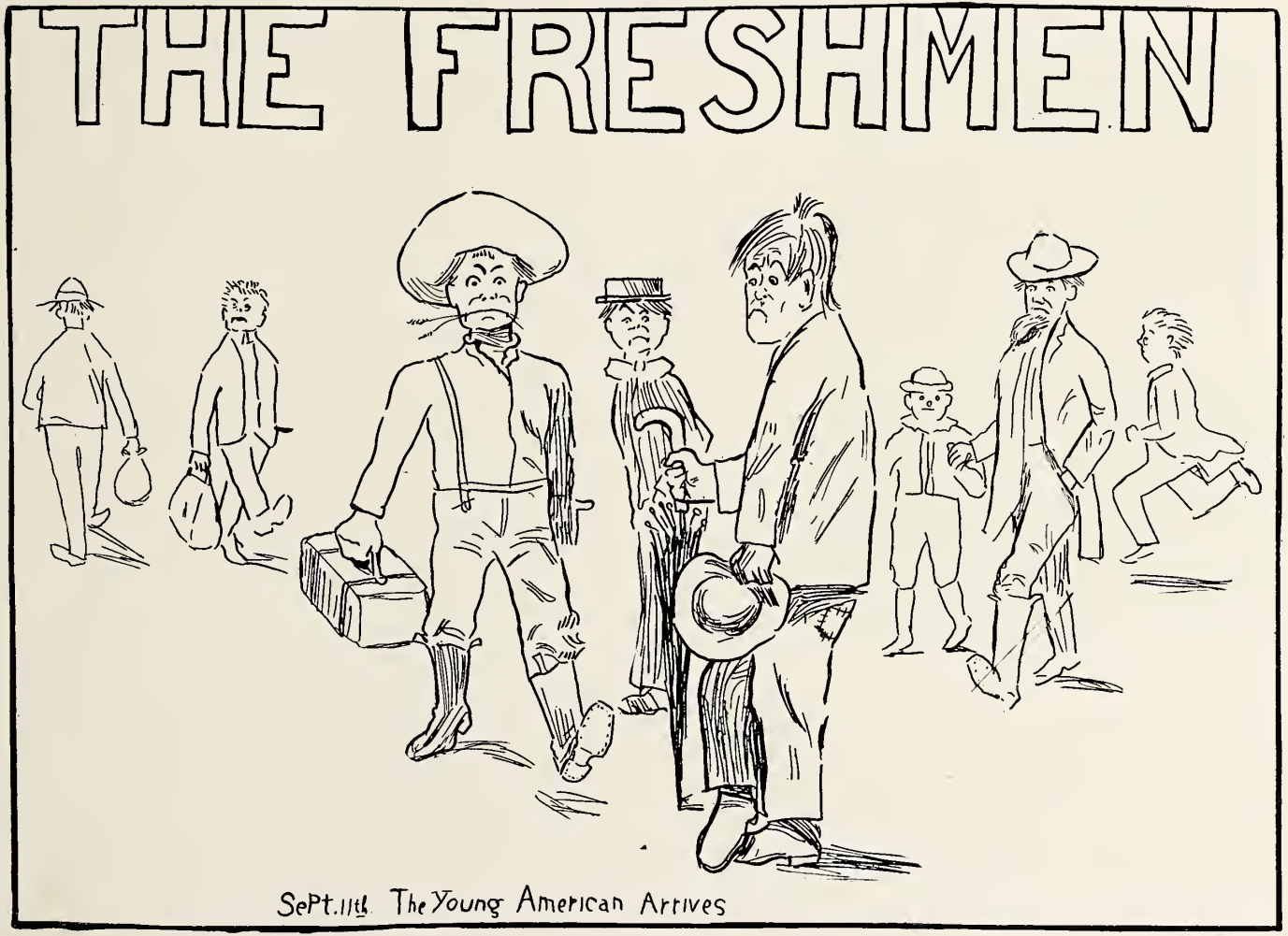
Let your measure be of service
For the good and truth of man;
Let your trust be in the Master—
Led of God from Bethlehem.

Honor's page is ever near you:
Answer to her endless roll,
And by following her commandments
You shall reach the treasured goal.

When at last your sun is setting
And the strength of youth grows slight,
You shall see across death's waters
In a brighter realm of light.

Then the voice of angels heralds you
To the King of all renowned;
You shall see the gift of labor,
And from Him receive the crown.

THE FRESHMEN



Sept. 11th. The Young American Arrives

Officers

President—Harold Hampton
Vice-President—Ilda Dearth
Secretary—Joy Van Cleve
Treasurer—Corwin Roach

Motto: "Non quis, sed quid."

Colors: Light Blue and Dark Blue.

Yell.

Skinny wow-wow
Osky wow-wow
Who are we?
Seven come eleven
Wow-wow.

"The inspectors in the corridors reported the heaviest shipment of raw material in the history of the bureau. Collector Dyer reported that the tariff receipts were unusually heavy, showing that the green material must have been of considerable value."

Freshman History

THE freshman was going home, his hat and umbrella were in the rack above the car window, his suit-case was under the seat, and he lay stretched out lazily glancing over the Decatur Review. There was a glowing account of the exercises of commencement day, with a picture of the class. When he had read this, the freshman reached down to his suit-case for the Millidek. He opened it first to the fraternity picture and then passed on to the freshman class and its history. He had read that history once, but it was well worth reading again. That was a fine-looking bunch, that freshman class; what husky, athletic-looking fellows and what pretty girls, especially that one.

Meanwhile the train was slowly leaving Decatur and Millikin behind. The freshman replaced his Millidek and returned to his paper, the last Review he'd read for a long time. But the cars made such a drowsy noise and the sun came in through the windows and bothered him so, that he covered his face with his paper. He lay quietly listening to the grind of the wheels and thinking of his grinding that was over. The newsboy came through, selling his papers and the freshman started up only to cover his face again. The brakeman called the station, as the train slowed up, but the freshman lay quietly in his seat, oblivious to all his surroundings.

There was Doctor Shaw up in 49 talking about class organization, nominations were made and Hampton was elected president. A steady fellow, Hampton was, too, a good kid for the place, but it was sure tough work putting him through. Then the class colors, such a time they had in choosing them, but they made up for the time spent in picking them out. Light blue and dark blue went together fine and didn't they look dandy up on the smoke-stack, even if it was hard work putting them there. My, the sophs were surprised; they just stood at the windows and stared; guess they found out there were a few freshmen around. Found it out some more, too, when they tried to duck the freshmen—got some of it themselves. At least they wore other suits the next day. The freshmen sure were a fine class.

The train had stopped and an old man got on and sat down beside the freshman. It was John Ruskin, the much abused and accursed John Ruskin. His eyes were large and staring, he looked at the freshman as a haunted beast and then began to talk political reforms. Dry old stuff! He talked and talked; he asked the freshman's opinion of Turner, and how did he regard nature in relation to God and man? The freshman groaned and turned his back so that the old man stared at him with hurt expression and left.

When he had gone the freshman turned to look for him and there he sat talking to Tom De Quincey, that fellow that took carbolic acid or something. What was it he took? It wasn't carbolic acid or morphine, or—was it opium? Yes, that was it—opium. Silly old idiot; didn't

he know any better than that? And there in front of them sat Emerson and Carlyle, one listening to the conversation and the other reading the Chicago American. Emerson was a dandy. He wrote about love, but half those men never had any experience in the stuff they wrote about. If Carlyle had attended Millikin he'd have known something about real heroes. He remembered that he read Emerson when Billy Sunday was in Decatur and how many things Billy Sunday said that was just what Emerson thought.

It was about that time that they had such a time about that debate with Illinois College. Roach and Griffin and some other fellow were on the committee, and they did good work, too. Speaking of debates made him think of the Brown debate and how Wand did. Wand worked hard on that debate and did good work. Then in the story contest, two of them were written by freshmen girls, and good stories they were, both of them. The freshman class was a wide-awake bunch, a good all-'round class. Look at the football team, baseball team and everything else that was going, they—what was that the brakeman was calling—it was home, his own home.

—Joy Van Cleve, 1911.

What is a Friend?

Whether with many or whether with few;
One who will stand for the just and the true,
In upholding the right, in fighting for the wrong,
What is a friend? It is one who is strong

One who is honest in word and deed,—
Who is willing to work that he may succeed,
Who speaks, with an eye that is steady and clear,
From the mind within,—devoid of fear.

One whose thoughts and actions blend
In earnest endeavor toward one great end,—
Toward character, strong and brave for right,
Which will guide afar as a beacon light

One who will serve by conceding his right
If to some weaker brother that thing is a blight:—
Who will help save one, just ready to fall:—
For none are perfect;—Christ saved us all.

With a cheerful word for a friend in distress,
An honest joy in his happiness,—
Sincere and earnest, hearty and kind;—
This is the friend we would wish to find.

—Alice Henderson.

Myers Atherton Van Cleve Henderson Petrie Good
Freeman Moses Davis Davis Perry Willis Pifer Taylor Gee
Hudson Atherton Roach Douce Buck Votaw
Lively New Dickey Siebens Yoder Hadley Prater Wilkin File
King Shore Wand Wornick Hampton Trautman Brown Shore Turner Bell

The Faithful Gardener

As the ev'ning shadows lengthened
at the closing of the day,
And the noisy herds were coming
from the fields across the way,
In a mansion grand and spacious
sat an old man bowed with care,
And beside him sat his daughter,
gently stroking his gray hair;
For she loved her father dearly,
and to ease his growing pain
Was her daily thought and purpose,
but her efforts were in vain.
Since the old man was a miser
and despised by all he knew,
And exceedingly unhappy
for a man so "well to do."

While the daughter strove to lighten
many burdens of her sire
With a voice as sweet as angel's
in the blithe celestial choir.
At the door there came a pers'nage
strange in utterance and form;
It was Enzo, faithful gard'ner,
seeking labor for the morn.
"Peace be with you," said he kindly,
as he stepped into the room
Like a moonbeam slyly searching
for its prey, a bit of gloom.

"Howdy, Enzo," spoke the master,
with a sad, despondent air,
"Why are you so kind and happy
in this world of toil and care?"
"W'y, I'm happy 'cause the Saviour
guides me safely every day,
Makes me kind to all my brothers,
helps me cheer them on their way."
"O, my Enzo! I'd give acres
of the finest land I own
If my life could be as sunny.
Can he change this heart of stone?"
"Just accept him, he will bless you
with the joy that comes to all,—
Helping poor, disheartened trav'lers
from a hard, disgracing fall."

Years have come and gone since Enzo
changed his master's life of gloom;
Now they both lie cold and lifeless
in a dark and lonely tomb;
But they made the world much brighter,
Enzo by his words and life,
And the master with his money
helped the needy—ended strife;
For the life that we call happy,
lies not in a pile of gold,
But in helping weary brothers
on their journey to the fold.

—Harry Pifer.

Logan Lichtenberger Crowder Towne Boyd
May Lamb Wickard McClelland Griffin Allentharp
Dearth Bane Voris Tippett Bane Hampton Williams

Prize Winners

Rodgers and Clark Original Story	Fred T. McGee
Brown Debate	John Lyons
Inter-Society Contest	Orlandian
Inter-Society Original Story	William Banfill Philomathean
Inter-Society Reading	Minnie T. Drum Orlandian
Inter-Society Oration	James M. Lively Orlandian
Inter-Society Debate	E. Starr Cole and Carleton F. Mattes Orlandian
Millidek Story	Raymond Turner
Second Prize	William Banfill
Millidek Poem	Raymond Turner
Second Prize	William Banfill
Millidek Cartoon	Walter Isaacs
Millidek Full-Page Zinc Etching	Walter Isaacs

THE
PREPS

Prep. History

Bibliography.

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(Vol. XXIII 23)

THE Academy class of nineteen hundred and eight is composed of thirty members, more or less; more at the beginning of the school year and probably less when finals are over, credits counted and the preserving season is done. Yes, the class expects to fail sometime.

The faculty is justly proud of this class. It is no common mob. The J. M. U. magnet has attracted the best metal from every point of the compass. Though the wise upperclassmen call us infants, we are infants in no sense of the word. The weight of the class is approximately three thousand two hundred and fifty pounds. The height of the class is about one hundred thirty-seven and one-half feet. The average weight is about one hundred and thirty pounds and six ounces. The average height is five feet, five and seven one-hundredths inches.

Lusty infants indeed!

We have been led in our search for "idears" and ideals by Burr Million, with whom we all heartily co-operate.

Although we are not without prize winners in the halls of learning and on the battlefields, we are not affected with that too common disease, "'magnum caput."

I have merely written the introduction to the history of this class. Our history, like our future, is before us.

—Alice Finfrock.

Robbins Clarke Dickey Moulton Finfrock Hensley Parker

Shultz Jacobsen McIntosh Pletz Owens Bricker Riber Dowell

Jacobsen Baughman Bone Shipp Million Foste" Patton Miller Moulton

Number 2034

"There's good in all men. The lowest wretch, I say,
That walks God's footstool, has a touch divine,
That lurks within the starting of a soul.
Mayhap it flickers like a low-turned lamp;
But as God's better than all thought conceives,
That gleam can never die. At last, somehow,
Someway, some hand, perhaps the Master's own,
Will nurse that spark into a steady flame."

—W. H. B.

THE line of dingy-coated men stretched along the broad granite walk, and like a great gray serpent wound in and out among the wagon-shops and planing mills that filled the prison yard. Down beyond the foundry the beginning of the line, the head of the serpent, was lost at the stairway leading to the second floor of a long, narrow building in which whisk-brooms were manufactured.

The whisk-broom factory occupied both stories of the building at the far end of the prison yard. On the ground floor men worked at lathes, turning out the wooden handles for the brooms that were finished, sorted, and tied upstairs. At the corner the line divided, sixty-five of the men climbed the stairway to the second floor, and the other thirty entered the lathe-room below.

On entering the work-room of the second floor, the men assembled before a railed platform, upon which a red-faced, coatless man stood behind a desk. In cold, metallic tones, he called the numbers of the convicts employed on the "whisk-broom contract," and the latter, each in turn, replied "Here!" when their numbers were spoken.

"Twenty-thirty-four!" called the red-faced man.

There was no response.

"Twenty-thirty-four!" The red-faced man leaned over the desk and glared down. Then a voice from somewhere on the left answered, "Here!"

"What was the matter with you the first time?" snapped the foreman.

The man thus questioned removed his cap and took three steps toward the platform. In feature, the word "hard" would describe him. His head was long, wide at the forehead, and yet narrow between the temples. His eyes were small and close together. Th lower jaw was square and heavy, and the ears protruded abnormally. A trifle above medium height, with a pair of drooping, twitching shoulders, the man looked criminal.

To the question he replied doggedly, "I answered the first time, sir, but I guess you didn't hear me."

The foreman gazed steadily at the man. Their eyes met. The foreman's did not waver, but "2034" lowered his and fumbled nervously with his cap.

"All right," replied the foreman, quietly, "but I guess you'd better report to the warden as soon as you get thru in here. Don't wait for any piece-work. Go to him as soon as you have finished your task. I'll tell him you're coming. He'll be waiting for you in the front office."

"Yes, sir." The convict did not raise his eyes. He stepped back into line.

Then, at the clap of the foreman's hands, the men broke ranks, and each walked away to his own bench or machine. Five minutes later, the swish of the corn-wisps as they were separated and tied into rough brooms, and the occasional tap of a hammer, were the only sounds in that long room where sixty-five men toiled.

At ten minutes past three o'clock, 2034 crossed to the platform.

"What do you want?" asked the foreman, as he eyed keenly the man in the dull-gray suit.

"A paper of small tacks," was the reply, quietly spoken. The necessary order was written, and as 2034 moved away to the door leading to the stock-room, the man on the platform watched him closely from between half-closed lids.

A guard who had come around from behind the broom-bins noticed the way in which the foreman followed every movement of the convict, and stepping over to the platform asked, in an undertone, "Anything wrong, Bill?"

"That's what I don't know, George," the foreman replied. "That man Riley's been acting queer of late. I've got an idea there's something up his sleeve. There's not a harder man on the contract than that fellow, and by the way he's been carrying on, sullen like and all that, I'm fearing something's going to happen. You remember him, don't you? What, no? Why, he's that Riley from Acorn. He came in two years ago on a burglary job in Clive, where he shot a drug clerk that offered objections to his carrying off everything there was in the shop. They made it manslaughter, and he's in for fifteen years. And I'm told there's another warrant for him when he gets out, for a job done four years ago in Kentucky. He's a bad one. A fellow like that is no good round this shop."

The guard smiled cynically at the foreman's suggestion that a convict may be too bad even for prison surroundings.

"And his influence over the boys isn't for good, either," went on the foreman. "There's not a fellow inside these walls that for the sake of getting out would commit violence quicker than Riley. But I've got my eye on him, and I'm sending him up to the warden this afternoon. Say, George, when you go back, will you tell the warden Riley's coming up to call on him this afternoon, and tell him what I've been telling you about him, will you?"

"Sure, Bill," was the smiling reply of the guard as he moved away. 2034 had returned with his paper of tacks and had gone directly to his bench.

It was a quarter to four by the foreman's watch when the door at the head of the stairway opened and the warden entered, accompanied by two friends, whom he was showing thru the "plant," as he always persisted in call-

ing the prison. The warden was a stout, jovial man who looked more like a bishop than a "second father" to eight hundred criminals. The foreman did not observe his entrance into the room, and only looked up when he heard his voice.

"This is where the whisk-brooms are made," the warden was explaining to his friends. "On the floor below, which we just left, you will remember we saw the boys turning out broom-handles. Some of the work, you see, is done by machine. The brooms are tied and sewed, tho, by hand, over at those benches."

As the warden ceased speaking, the foreman leaned across the desk and tapped him on the shoulder. "Riley's coming in to see you this afternoon. He's been acting queer—don't answer the call, and the like. I thought maybe you could call him down."

The warden only nodded, and continued his explanations to the visitors.

"Now," he said, moving away to the door leading into the room beyond, "if you will come over here I will show you our store-rooms. You see we have to keep a lot of material on hand. Beyond this second room the stuff is stored up, and is taken into the stock-room as it wanted. Between the rooms we have arranged these big sliding iron doors that, in case of fire, could be dropped, and thus, for a few minutes at least, cut the flames off from any room but that in which they originated. See?"

He pulled a lever at the side of the door and a heavy iron sliding-sheet dropped slowly and easily to the floor. "You see," he went on, "that completes the wall."

The visitors nodded. "Now come on thru here and look at the straw and velvet we have stored away in bales."

The visitors followed the warden thru the second room, and into the third. There, ranged regularly on the floor, were huge bales of broom-straw, and against the walls of the room boxes upon boxes of velvets, tacks, ornaments, bits of metal, and all of the other separate parts of the whisk-broom.

The visitors examined the tins and felt of the bales of straw.

"Very interesting," observed one of the men, as he drew his cigar-case from his pocket, and biting the tip from one of the cigars it contained, struck a little wax match on the sole of his shoe. He held the match in his hand until it had burned down, then threw it on the floor, and followed the warden and the other visitor under the heavy iron screen into the work-room of the factory.

The foreman was busy at his books, and did not observe the little party as it passed thru the shop and out at the big door.

Ten minutes later, a guard sauntered into the room and stopped at the first of the benches. He idly picked up one of the finished brooms and examined it. His attention was just then distracted by some one pulling at his coat from behind. He turned.

"Why, Tommy, my boy, what is it?"

The two soft brown eyes of a little child were turned up to him. "I'm looking for papa," replied the little fellow. "The foreman downstairs said he comed up here.

Uncle George is back in the house, and mamma sent me to find papa."

The guard patted the little fellow's head. "And we will find him, Tommy," he said. He went over to the foreman's desk. "Bill, did the warden come up here? Tommy's looking for him; his mother sent him out."

The foreman raised his eyes from his books. "Yes," he replied, "he went in there with a couple of gentlemen."

Th guard looked down at the little boy. "He's in the stock-room," he said. "You'll find him in there, Tommy."

Then he turned and walked out of the shop. The child ran on into the room beyond. His father was not there. The stock-keeper did not observe the little boy as he tip-toed, in a childish way, past the desk. Tommy passed on into the further room. He knew he would find his father in there, and he would crawl along between the tiers of straw bales, and take him by surprise.

He had hardly passed the door when the stock-keeper, raising his head from the lists of material he was preparing, held his face up and sniffed the air. Quietly he arose from his revolving chair and went to the door of the straw-room. He merely peered inside. Turning suddenly, he pressed upon the lever near the door, and the iron screen slid into place, cutting off the further room. Then, snatching a few books that lay on his desk, he slipped out into the shop, and at that door released the second screen As it fell into place with a slight crunching noise, the foreman turned in his chair. The eyes of the two men met. The stock-keeper raised his hand and touched his lips with the first finger.

"Get the men out! Get the men out!" he gasped. "The store-room is on fire!"

The foreman rapped on the table twice. Every man working in the room turned and faced the desk.

"Work is over for today," said the foreman. His manner was ominously calm, and the men looked at each other wonderingly.

"Fall in!"

At the order, the dingy gray suits formed the same old serpent, and the line moved rapidly thru the door at the end of the room and down the outside stairs.

There, in front of the building, they were halted, and a guard dispatched to find the warden. He was discovered in the foundry. "Fire in the broom-shop," whispered the guard.

The warden's face paled. He dashed thru the doorway and one minute later came around the corner of the building, just in time to see the first signs of flame against the windows of the rear room upstairs.

Within fifteen seconds a troop of guards had drawn the little hand engine from its house and hitched the hose to the hydrant nearest the shop. From all the other buildings the men were being marched to their cells.

"These men!" hurriedly whispered the foreman to the warden. "What shall I do with them?"

"Get 'em inside as soon as you can! This can't last long; the front of the building is cut off."

The foreman gave an order. At that instant a woman came running down the prison yard. Reaching the warden's side, she fell against him heavily.

"Why, Harriet," he exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

"Oh," she gasped, "Tommy! Tommy! where is Tommy?"

A guard at the end of the engine rail turned ashy pale. He raised a hand to his head, while the other grasped the wheel to keep him from falling. Then he cried, "Mr. Jeffries, I—I believe Tommy is up there in the stock-room. He went to look—"

The warden clutched the man's arm. "Up there? Up there?" he cried.

The sudden approach of the woman and the words that followed had wrought so much confusion that the men paid no attention to the foreman's command, and he had even failed to notice their lack of attention, in the excitement of the moment.

"Great God!" cried the warden. "What can I do—what can I do? No one can live up there!"

There was a crash. One of the windows fell out. "Get a ladder!" someone cried. A guard ran back toward the prison-house. Then, in the midst of the hubbub, a man in a dingy gray suit stepped out a yard from the line of convicts. His prison number was 2034. He touched his little square cap.

"If you'll give me permission, I think I can get up there," was all he said.

"You! You!" exclaimed the warden. "No, no, I will tell no man to do it!"

There was a second crash. Another window had fallen out, and now the tongues of flame were lapping the walls above.

The convict made no reply. With a bound he was at the end of the line and dashing up the outer stairway.

The warden's wife was on her knees, clinging to the hand of her husband. In his eyes was a dead, cold look. A few of the men bit their lips, and the faint shadow of a smile played about the mouths of others. They all waited. A convict had broken a regulation—had run from the line! He would be punished. Even as he had clambered up the stairs, a guard had cried, "Shall I shoot?"

The silence was broken by a shriek from the woman kneeling at the warden's feet. "Look," she cried, and pointed to the last of the windows upstairs.

There, surrounded by a halo of smoke, and hemmed in on all sides by flames, stood a man in a dingy gray suit. One sleeve was on fire, but he beat out the flames with his left hand. Those below heard him cry, "I've got him!" Then the figure disappeared. Instantly it returned, bearing something in its arms. It was the limp form of a child.

All saw the man wrap smoking straw around the body, and tie around that two strands of heavy twine. Then that precious burden was lowered out of the window. The father rushed forward and held up his arms to receive it.

Another foot—he hugged the limp body of his boy to his breast! On the ground a little way back lay a woman as if dead.

"Here's the ladder," cried the foreman, and at that moment the eyes that were still turned upon the window above witnessed a spectacle that will reappear before them again and again in visions of the night .

The coat the man wore was ablaze. Flames shot out on either side of him and above him. Just as the ladder was placed against the wall, a crackling was heard—not the crackling of fire. Then, like a thunder-bolt, a crash occurred that caused even the men in their cells to start. The roof caved in!

In the prison yard that line of convicts saw 2034 reel and fall backward, and heard, as he fell, his last cry, "I'm a-comin', warden!"

He was a convicted criminal, and died in prison gray. But it would not seem wonderful to the warden if, when that man's soul took flight, the Recording Angel did write his name in the eternal Book of Record, with the strange, cabalistic sign,—a ring around a cross,—that stands for "good behavior."

Oh Lord, this life of anxious, uncourageous care,
And day unmarked of day doth burden me.
A life of selfish, unavailing works,
And word and deed formed for an audience's ear;
I do not hold as worth the living for.
Give me, O Lord, the chance to do great good,
Or failing that the chance to do great wrong.

UNIVERSITY CLUB

AN ORGANIZATION OF UNIVERSITY MEN IN THE CITY OF DECATUR

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Clarence A. Wait—Secretary and Treasurer

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The object of the Club is to investigate and discuss problems of present human interest, and thus to promote mutual improvement and intellectual and social enjoyment.

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The Lincoln College Buildings

THE other college constituting the James Millikin University, located at Lincoln, has three buildings located in one of the handsomest groves in the state. The campus contains about eleven acres. The main building, three stories above basement, was completed in 1865 at a cost of about $15,000. It is a substantial structure of the type so common in the middle of the last century, being almost exactly square, with fifteen foot stories, and the assembly room located on the third floor. The basement contains the usual accommodations, including until recently the chemical laboratory. The first floor is occupied by the natural history cabinet, the physical and chemical laboratories, and the Young Men's Christian Association and two recitation rooms. On the second floor are located the art rooms, the domestic economy rooms and two music rooms. The Athenian Hall, the old chapel, and two music rooms are located on the third floor.

The new building on the left, shown in the cut on the opposite page, was erected in 1902 at a cost of $25,000. It is thoroughly modern throughout. The basement accommodates the gymnasium and the cloak rooms and lavatories. The first floor gives ample space for the library, the office, the matron's room, and four recitation rooms, with a generous lobby in the center. The third floor is devoted largely to the assembly hall, with handsome rooms on either side the main stairway for the Young Women's Christian Association and the private studio of the instructor in elocution.

The janitor's house is located at the rear of the buildings named. It is a one story wooden structure, with ample accommodations for a large family.

The laboratories of the departments of natural science and domestic economy are very satisfactorily equipped. Both have made valuable additions recently.

Decaturian Staff

Editor-in-Chief	E. Starr Cole
Associate Editor	Hiram M. Shumway
Business Manager	Raymond Turner
Literary Editor	Ora Bellamy
Local Editor	Lulalou De Groat
Exchange Editor	William Banfill
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Alumni Editor	Ada Lindsay
Domestic Economy Editor	Katherine Trautman
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Commerce and Finance Editor	Clarence Flegel
Orlandian Society Editor	Loretta Boyd
Philomathean Society Editor	De Forrest Baird
Y. W. C. A. Editor	Louise Stevenson
Y. M. C. A. Editor	Charles Hartwig

Banfill Baxter Baird Flegel Hartwig
DeGroat Stevenson Bellamy Boyd
Lindsay Shumway Cole Turner Trautman

LECTURE COURSE

October 18. Montaville Flowers—"The Christmas Carol."

November 15. Newell Dwight Hillis—"Ruskin and The New Movement in Art."

December 6. Olive Mead Quartet.

January 31. Prof. A. R. Crook—"Grand Canyon of the Colorado."

March 30. Ben Greet Players—"Everyman."

April 14. Dr. W. A. Quayle—"King Lear."

Inter-Society Contest Prize Story

An Untrod Path

I was a fool in those days—a fool in more ways than one, but most of all when the war came and I joined Flitman's Irregulars, a band of guerrillas from a neighboring county. Their ways of abandon and license, ungraced by order, appealed to us wild blades far more than the regular service. For I had early learned to discard the wise counsels of my widowed mother, and to spend most of my time in company with a crowd of village rowdies and ne'er-do-wells. And none of them could excel me in daring or in utter disregard of the consequences. Yet I was not wholly bad; and many a night I had come home from some deep carousal or lawless expedition to hours of contrition and heart-sorrow—to fervent prayer for escape from the hell so terribly provided for me.

We had come down into central Tennessee and were now encamped in a wood some two miles from the little town of Mapleton. It was a beautiful country—beautiful even for the Southland. War had not yet made it a desolation; and the wide plantations, with their varied life, each centering about the regal mansion, seemed like the sudden realization of some long-abandoned ideal.

There was a company of home volunteers in the neighborhood, young fellows mostly, fairly bubbling over with courage and fight. They attacked us, entrenched tho we were by the wood, and all but carried the day. I will long remember that fight, both because of what occurred afterward, and because it was here that I killed my first man. He was behind a tree and I never saw him afterward. But I heard that groan, and shall hear it to my dying day. And I thought, what if it were a boy like myself?—but I dared not go and see; for I knew, if it were, it would haunt me forever. I shut my eyes, and I saw the image of a young fellow with curled locks—and dreamy eyes and a certain vivid energy, such a one as I had seen the day before at a near-by manor house. Oh God! if it were he! My heart became sick within me at the thought. I pointed the place out to a comrade, and turned away.

It was the afternoon of the same day that Flitman, a rough, burly coward, and some ten of us fellows, scouring the country for provision and for trouble, came up to a plantation—the very one where the lad lived that had arisen in my mind's eye when I shot the man—I never call him boy—in the woods. To my surprise as we halted some distance away, he was standing there on the wide veranda, clad in the Confederate uniform. I paled and reeled as if he had come from the land of the dead; perhaps there was a presentiment in my emotion. As I recovered myself, I saw him talking with an elderly gentleman, thin and spare, dignified and handsome, and a slight slip of a girl, with yet a certain regality about her appearance.

Flitman bade us all seek shelter. I wondered at it, but I did not hesitate. I saw the strange workings of his mouth, a presage of evil always with him, but I did not

have sense enough to guess its meaning. I have figured it out since that there was some hidden enmity between him and the old man, and he chose thus fouly to avenge it; or else he was stark mad with bloodthirst. The little company came out to the gate and the son mounted his horse and, with a farewell kiss of the hand, rode off. He had not gone fifty yards when a gun cracked, and he fell from his saddle, a corpse. I did not look; I could guess too much. But I turned to Flitman, who coolly laughed and said something about "a fine tragedy." My whole soul became alive with hatred of the cowardly murderer. I pulled my revolver and stuck it in his face, and I had sent his soul to hell in one moment, but that Jo Hawkins, his boon companion in villainy, struck me with the stock of his gun.

* * * * * * * *

I was unconscious for a long time. In fact I remember no more till it was dark and I found myself lying on the hard floor of a negro cabin. The men were seated about a low fire, and, as the flickering gleam lit up their faces, I could see the tense lines of fear and anxiety and unnameable horror. Then the memory of that crime flashed upon me, and the weirdness of it all made me half believe we were no longer on earth. The room was very still; so still I was half startled out of my wits when someone said that "the kid had come to." But no one answered him, nor seemed to care.

What had happened I could not guess, and it was long before I knew all. A rumor of approaching Confederates had sent the Irregulars scurrying northward, leaving their leader to shift for himself; and he, after a vain effort to find them, had sought a passing refuge in the isolated cabin, with those of us who were with him. Why they had not left me to my fate I could never understand.

The silence was oppressive; and yet, strange to say, no one heard a footstep when suddenly there came a knocking at the door. The men shrank back in terror, but one of the bolder of them cried "Come in!" The door opened and admitted—a girl. To my surprise it was the same one I had seen upon the veranda, the sister of the dead boy.

She was beautiful. The straight nose, not too long, the firm mouth and well-rounded chin, but above all the eyes shone out like diamonds from the gloomy cloudiness of her eyebrows. She was young, too, not above seventeen; and such soul and spirit!

Quickly she spoke and intensely, as tho buoyed up by great excitement and resolve. "I don't know which of you killed Tom, but you didn't all do it. And they'll hang you every one if they catch you here, and 'twould be as wrong to kill people that didn't do it as for him"—her voice broke as she finished—"to kill Tom."

Those last words seemed for the time to wither the energy of her purpose. She hesitated and looked furtively over the men, as tho she half hoped in some way to single out the real culprit. Her love for her dead brother and her desire to save the innocent struggled with one another thru long seconds. She walked the untrod path that day, the path that tries the strongest soul. But at length she was herself again, and there was a note of calmness in her voice as, with the precision of a general, she mapped

out the course they were to follow. And then, when she had answered their eager questions, they one by one slouched out with never a word of gratitude. Only Flitman, as he passed her, said tauntingly, "Thank you, miss, for you good principles." And, as he paused in the doorway, he added in a tone that sent my blood cold—and yet it was soft enough—"Will you go with us?"

She turned toward him, crying, "You are his murderer, then!" And a fierce light gleamed in her eyes.

"No—no," he cried beseechingly, cringing before her. Then he saw me in the corner. "There he is; I leave him to your care," and without another word he was gone.

She came over and looked down and said, almost dazedly, "No, it can't be you. Why, you're just a boy like Tom!" And a look of anguish and self-reproach came over her face. "And I let him go—Tom's murderer. Poor father, how he loved Tom! He was his only son. But I couldn't have done differently, could I?" she said, appealingly.

I could have kissed her at that—so kind and so thoughtful—but I didn't. I told her of it once afterward, and she said it would have spoiled everything and she was glad I had waited,—but that's another story.

Her words and her helplessness filled me with fire; and, altho I was as weak as a kitten, I stumbled to my feet and vowed I would hunt Flitman down tho I died for it.

"No, no," she cried, almost bitterly. "You could do nothing. If father were only here, perhaps—. Oh, what will he think of me?"

Then she told how she had come along with her father and the searching party, and she felt sorry for us even then, and how she had seen the gleam of light over the hills and thought, perhaps, we were there, and how she had slipped away from the rest and had come that lone, dreary way to warn us of our danger. What a brave heart she had! But never was it actuated by a nobler purpose than when she went up there among her enemies to save the innocent, even tho that might mean the escape of her brother's slayer.

As she was still talking, there came, up the long trail, sounds of horses' hoofs. "Oh, it's father!" and her face gleamed joyfully. She was out of the cabin in an instant, running to meet them. I dragged myself to the door and saw, at last, a little cavalcade wind in and out among the trees and, nearer, the flitting form of the girl. As she came up to them, there was an exclamation, a halting, and the murmur of voices. After a time they came up to the cabin and entered. The girl's face was filled with anxiety and sorrow, as tho she labored under the disapproval of those she loved. The men were evidently excited and angry over the escape of those they deemed murderers, but with true Southern courtesy they had no words of condemnation for the girl. But the old man, wrapped up in his love for the boy, forgot himself, and bitterly reproached her, calling her "ungrateful child," and saying that she had allied herself with his slayers. She turned red and white by turns, she staggered; she opened her lips, but no words came. I could bear it no longer; but, supporting myself by the window-sash, I called for him to cease in God's name, and hear me.

They murmured that I was the one she had spoken of, and, while they looked at me in wonder, I began and told them my story, just as I felt it and as I will tell it before the great Judgment Bar. And thru it all, I dwelt upon the noblenes of her deed. When I was done, they were silent for a long time. Then the old Southerner drew his daughter to him and kissed her. There was a catch in his voice as he whispered that she had acted just as Tom would have done, and that she was to be his son now. But in his eyes a great pride struggled with his tears.

—William Banfill.

The Soldier

What is the gain of the soldier?
A passion of pain and strife,
The sullen twang of a bullet;
—And this for love and life.

Tell me the fate of the soldier;
He picks up the broken chain,
But the years of hope and promise
Are never his again.

Tell me the grief of the soldier;
A weary step in the gloam
And the trembling eyes of a mother
For the son that came not home.

What is the way of the soldier?
A cripple begging bread,
The passing pity of strangers
For whom perchance he bled.

What is the way of the soldier?
A broken form in tears,
Telling of long-dead comrades
To a child that wondering hears.

What was the fate of the soldier?
A grave when life was fair;
A little faded banner
Hid in the dead grass there.

What is the gain of the soldier?
Nay, that I do not know;
Tell me the dreams he is dreaming
Beneath the earth and snow.

ORGANIZATIONS
PHILO.
Glee Club
Band
ORLANDIAN
Orchestra
COM. FIN
DEBATING
Y.M. & Y.W.
Science Club
German Circle

LITERARY

Orlandian Literary Society

Motto—"Non quis, sed quid."
Colors—Gold and White.
Flower—Marguerite.

OFFICERS

	First Semester	Second Semester
President	E. Starr Cole	Charles Hartwig
Vice-President	Helen Ketch	Loretta Boyd
Clerk	Flora Ross	Goldie Atherton
Cor. Secretary	Loretta Boyd	Maurice Sly
Treasurer	Chester Hyde	Helen Ketch
Critic	Lottie Lamb	E. Starr Cole
Librarian	Clarence Flegel	Lucile Ewers
Prosecuting-Att'y.	Edward Ross	Clarence Flegel
Chaplain	Charles Hartwig	John Lyons
Marshals	D. W. Montgomery	Everett Dickey
	Elmus West	Wesley Bone

Members:

Atherton, Goldie
Black, Edna
Bone, Wesley
Boyd, Loretta
Cole, E. Starr
Dickey, Everett
Ewers, Lucile
Flegel, Clarence
Hartwig, Charles
Hubbard, Irene
Hyde, Chester
Ketch, Helen
Lamb, Mial
Lamb, Lottie
Lively, James
Lyons, John
Leiby, Irene
Magill, Ansel
Mattes, Carleton
Montgomery, Dwight
McGrath, Philip
McClelland, Everett
McGee, Fred T.
Moses, Hobart I.
Pifer, Harry
Ross, Edward
Ross, Flora
Still, Celia
Sly, Maurice
Smith, Mabel
Poole, Grover
Miller, Robert
West, Elmus
Wilkin, Corydon
Davis, Floyd
Hampton, Edith
Drum, Minnie

Alumni Members

Bone, Keach
Boyd, Anna
Magill, Anna
McDavid, Horace
Moses, J. D.
Mills, Judith
Humphrey, Harry
Porter, H. Guy
Record, Charles
Sears, Lawrence
Witzemann, Edgar
Yanders, Ethel

McGee Ewers Lamb Montgomery Black Dickey Hampton Wilkin Sly
McClelland Leiby Lyons Bone West Davis Flegel Hubbard Hyde
McGrath Holt Miller Atherton Cole Lamb Pifer Boyd Magill Ross
Ross Still Lively Drum Hartwig Ross Mattes Ketch Poole

Orlandian Open Meeting Program

The annual open-meeting program given on the evening of December 18th was as follows:

Music	Helen Ketch
Reading	Lottie Lamb
Newspaper	James Lively

Farce Comedy—"The Elopement of Ellen."

Richard Ford	Carleton Mattes
Molly Ford	Lucile Ewers
Dorothy March	Pearl Tippett
June Haverhill	Loretta Boyd
Robert Shepard	Ansel Magill
Max Ten Eyck	Starr Cole
John Hume	Charles Hartwig

LITERARY

Philomathean Literary Society

Colors—Red and White.

Flower—Red Carnation.

OFFICERS

	First Semester	Second Semester
President	Raymond Turner	Gary Hudson
Vice-President	Gary Hudson	Raymond Turner
Critic	William Banfill	William Banfill
Prosecuting Att'y.	Charles King	Leo Brown
Chaplain	William Bell	Irene Staley
Rec. Secretary	Irene Staley	Hope Finfrock
Cor. Secretary	Ora Bellamy	Ora Bellamy
Treasurer	De Forrest Baird	Ellis Hudson
Marshals	Hiram Shumway	Harry Hadley
	Bertha McClelland	Bounita Boyd

Members:

Roy Austin
DeForrest Baird
William Banfill
Ora Bellamy
Bounita Boyd
Leo Brown
Bonnie Blackburn
Mary Elder
Olive Evans
Hope Finfrock
Harry Griffin
Harry Hadley
Harold Hampton
Reed Hensley
Ellis Hudson
Gary Hudson
Charles King
Bertha McClelland
Lorin King
Lucile Parker
Hiram Shumway
Theckla Siebens
Irene Staley
James Turner
Raymond Turner
Grace Weiss
Ben Wand
Mabel Williams

Alumni Members

Earl Bryant
Ethel Bumgarner
Ellis Bankson
Orris Bennett
Isabelle Bumgarner
Stella Bryant
L. H. Cassity
Julius Dappert
J. W. Davidson
E. L. King
Jessie Lichtenberger
Edgar Morrow
Ray Oliphant
Chas. Post
Belle Uhler

Philomathean Open Meeting Program

The annual Open Meeting of the Philomathean Literary Society was held Friday evening, April tenth, in the Assembly Hall. The following program was rendered:

Piaio—Dancing Doll - - - - - - Poldin
Lecie McDonald

Essay—The Continental Congress - Ora Bellamy

Recitation—A Child's Dream of a Star - Dickens
Hope Finfrock

Voice—The Nightingale - - - - - Nevin
Cyrus Hoggatt

Oration—Alexander Hamilton - - J. Ben Wand

Original Story—For A' That - - Ellis Hudson

Piano - - - - - - - Hermann H. Kaeuper

Burlesque Debate—

Resolved, That Women's Hats, as Worn at Present, Should be Abolished.

Lorin King and Leo Brown

Hudson Griffin Bell Parker King Turner Wand

Turner King Hampton Boyd Finfrock Banfill Hensley Brown

Elder Williams Hadley Bellamy Hudson Staley Shumway Evans Siebens

Inter-Society Contest Program

Voice

A White Rose — Norris

Back to Ireland — Huhn

Mr. George Owens

Recitation

The Cloud — Shelley

Miss Mabel E. Williams

The Angel and the Shepherds — Lew Wallace

Miss Minnie T. Drum

Original Story

In the Potter's Hand — Miss Flora E. Ross

The Untrod Path — William H. Banfill

Oration

"Finding Ourselves" — James M. Lively

The Political Spirit of an Awakened People — Hiram M. Shumway

Piano

Andante Religioso — Thomè

Miss Mary Hemenway

Debate

Resolved: That the United States Should Permanently Retain the Philippine Islands.

Affirmative	Negative
E. Starr Cole	D. E. Baird
Carleton Mattes	R. R. Turner

Again We Meet

Again we meet—
And heart hears heart again
And dreams of those sweet days
That now are then;
That hasten on their ways
Toward dim No More.

Again we meet—
And lyre and harp, we tune
To Earth's voice and her lines,
And softly croon
Love melodies, with minds
Untouched by gaunt No More.

Again we meet—
Let not vain circumstance
From you lead me astray;
Or life or chance
Give each a different way;
But Death shall say—No More.

Again we meet—
Again still currents gain
Till lo a braver ship
Runs for the dim-seen main;
And lip knows lip,
And heart meets heart—No More.

Again we meet—
And voices kindly speak—
Speak softly, and they say
Thy thoughts are weak—
For One will blot away
The irksome words, "No More."

—William Banfill.

THE debating club of every institution should mean something to all young men, for the ability to debate and do it intelligently, is one of the highest attainments in a college life. It is not enough that we learn a number of facts; we must learn the more important lesson of being able to draw a sound conclusion from them. It often happens that young men are able to state facts very clearly and forcibly, but they lack the power to deduce conclusions from the stated facts.

The purpose of the debating club is to teach men how to conclude from the premises they have established. Take the great political questions now confronting the American people. We can secure facts enough, but no two people will draw the same conclusion. Reasoning is a dependent term,—depending upon the ability to eradicate prejudice and see the desired end. This we can seldom do. Frequent debate will help us to accomplish it.

The debates in the club have been along political lines. As a rule, prejudice has had a great influence in our speeches. The year has been, from many view-points, a prosperous one.

OFFICERS

E. Starr Cole—President
Arthur Van Cleve—Secretary and Treasurer

Central Illinois Debate League

OFFICERS

President - - - - Arthur Van Cleve, Millikin
Vice-President - - Maury D. Powell, Wesleyan
Secretary - - - - Edward Imboden, Wesleyan

Schools: Millikin and Wesleyan

MEMBERS

William Banfill
E. Starr Cole
Clarence Flegel
Harry Griffin
Chester Hyde
John Lyons
James Lively
Carleton Mattes
Dwight Montgomery
Hiram Shumway
Arthur Van Cleve

Van Cleve Cole Mattes

Third Annual Inter-Collegiate Debate

Millikin vs. Wesleyan

Question

Resolved: "That the present distribution of power between the federal and state governments is not adapted to modern conditions and calls for readjustment in the direction of further centralization."

Affirmative: Wesleyan	Negative: Millikin
V. E. Ilahi Baksh	E. Starr Cole
Fred B. Grant	Arthur Van Cleve
Hubert D. Bath	Carleton F. Mattes
Oscar Jones, Alternate	Fred T. McGee, Alternate

Decision: Millikin 2; Wesleyan 1.

The James Millikin University debating team, composed of Messrs. E. Starr Cole and Arthur Van Cleve, Seniors, and Mr. Carleton Mattes, a Junior, won the third annual inter-collegiate debate between the Illinois Wesleyan University and Millikin University, Friday evening, March 2, in the Amie Chapel of the Wesleyan University in Bloomington.

One hundred enthusiastic rooters accompanied the team in a special car over the Illinois Traction System, which left the university at three o'clock Friday afternoon and returned to Decatur after the debate at night. Various incidents of sundry kind served to enliven the trip. The debaters were entertained by one of the Wesleyan fraternities and a reception to the visitors was given in the corridors of the university after the debate. The visit to Bloomington will long be remembered by Millikin students.

Another college, likely the Illinois college at Jacksonville, will be received into the Central Illinois Debate League next year. Such was the decision of the members of the League reached in the annual meeting held Friday afternoon, March 27. Heretofore the League has included only two colleges, Wesleyan university and Millikin university.

Roach Wand Lively

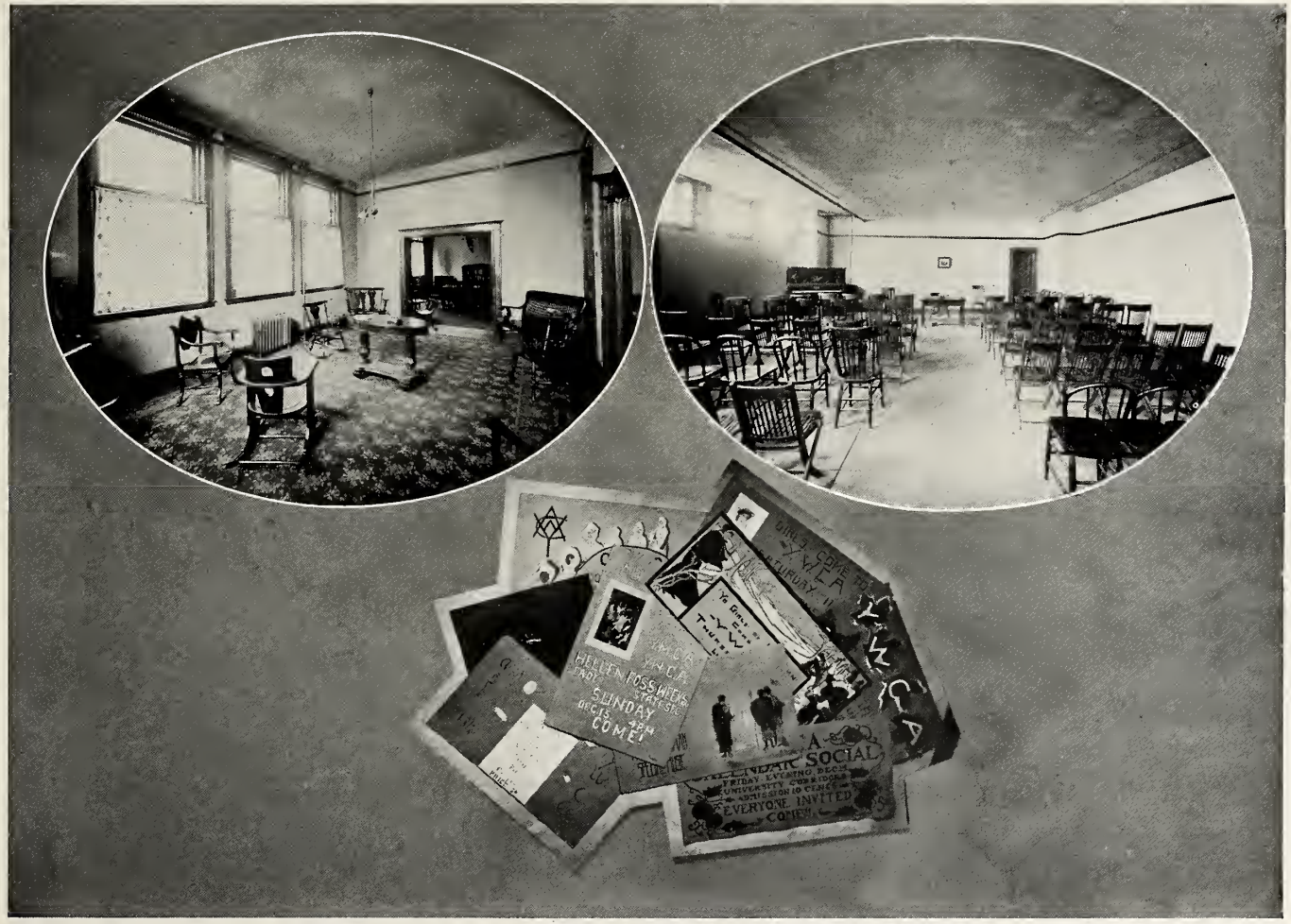
Freshman Debating Team

The first Freshman debate in the history of the institution was held at Jacksonville on Friday evening, May 8th. It is proposed to make the debate an annual feature

The question was: "Resolved: That municipalities should not own and control such public utilities as light, water and street-railways."

Millikin	**Illinois College**
Affirmative:	Negative:
James Lively	J. H. Hargraves
Corwin Roach	B. B. Watson
J. Ben Wand	U. W. Wright

Decision: Millikin, 2; Illinois College, 1.


Y.W.C.A.
SUNDAY
COME!
A SOCIAL
EVERYONE INVITED
COME!

Ross Burgess Shipp Wornick Hancock
Bicknell McClelland Staley Stevenson Lemon Lamb

CABINET

President	Louise Stevenson
Vice-President	Irene Staley
Secretary	Ruth Bicknell
Treasurer	Bertha McClelland

Chairmen:

Religious Meetings	Edna Burgess
Missionary	Lottie Lamb
Bible Study	Henrietta Hancock
Social	Flora Ross
Music	Elisabeth Lemon
Rooms	Mildred Shipp
Inter-Collegiate	Ina Wornick

Y. W. C. A.

THE year 1907-1908 has been one of the best in the history of the Young Women's Christian Association. Its work has been aggressive, and there are many visible results, and innumerable ones which cannot be told in words. The membership when the school year opened in September was forty-six, but a systematic campaign for members was made and the present membership is one hundred and sixty. The first week was a busy one for the Association girls, the trains were met and the new girls taken to the University and assisted in any way possible. On Thursday afternoon of that first week an informal tea was held in the Association rooms, the old girls being the hostesses. Here the new girls became acquainted and felt less strange in attending the joint reception given by the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations on Friday night, in the corridors of the Liberal Arts Hall. This proved a great success. Several hundred students attended.

But now to another side of the work,—the religious side. Weekly meetings have been held and this year the time has been changed from Saturday to Thursday at 11:40. There has been a marked increase in attendance, the average being about seventy. In December the State Secretary made us a visit and led one of the joint meetings with the Young Men's Christian Association.

During the first month, we had two systematic campaigns, one for Bible Study and the other for Mission Study classes. As a result there are three Bible Study classes conducted by the Association, and one Normal class,—an enrollment of about ninety girls in Bible Study and other classes.

The Mission Study classes were organized, three in number, two studying India and one China. At the Missionary Rally a hundred dollars were raised by pledges for the Mission work in South America.

The financial side has been well taken care of. The girls have been very liberal and pledged most of the money necessary to carry on the work, so there has been but little need to give outside affairs. The budget amounted to $375.00 for the year.

April 17 and 18 the Association entertained the Central Illinois Cabinet Conference. The new girls on the various cabinets of the colleges in Central Illinois were present and leaders were also here to instruct them in their new duties.

We are planning for greater results next year. We are hoping to raise money for a salary for a General Secretary, as the field here is so large that one is quite necessary. We close this year, realizing that we have accomplished much for the University, yet much has been left undone, to be finished the next year.

—Louise Stevenson.

Hudson Miller Jacob Wallace Long Lively
Lyons Miller Pifer Hartwig Morton Davenport Hudson

CABINET

President	Charles Hartwig
Vice-President	H. K. Davenport
Secretary	Lloyd Wallace
Treasurer	Alex. Long
House Manager	Ellis Hudson
Chairmen:	
Religious Meetings	James Lively
Membership	Robert Miller
Bible Study	John Lyons
Missions	H. G. Hudson
Social	Harry Pifer
Finance	Alex. Long
Faculty Advisor	Prof. D. W. Morton

Y. M. C. A.

SOON after the University was opened in the fall of 1903, steps were taken to organize a Y. M. C. A. By persistent effort this was soon brought about and the first meeting was held in room 110. The first meetings were held in the Literary Society Halls, but after a short time a more suitable place was arranged by using Prof. Baker's room, now known as the old Y. M. C. A. room. After having been given the new room in December 1903 the young men set about to furnishing it. A number of friends helped the boys. The Race Clothing Company gave a large rocker. Pres. A. R. Taylor, realizing the inclination of the fellows, gave an arm-chair. A large oak table was donated by C. W. Dyer and "Bill" Sears. The boys bought ehirty-six chairs. Some of those first meetings were small in numbers—ranging from one dozen up to twenty. The year 1907-1908 brings forward the brightest record in the history of the Association. The time of meeting was changed from Saturday to Thursday at the regular hour, thus affording an opportunity to a larger number of men to attend the meetings,—especially making provision that those who were interested in athletics should not be prevented from coming. By a special arrangement students were permitted to join the down-town Y. M. C. A. at special rates, entitling them to membership in both Associations. This has been a good feature of the year, one that built up, and one that put the two Associations in close touch with each other.

The committee on religious meetings, Verne Ross, chairman, has done faithful work and deserves commendation. The meetings have been excellent; the leaders, almost without exception, have been men of the faculty, down-town ministers, or business men. The membership committee, E. Starr Cole, chairman, has also done good work, as shown by the increase in membership. It has more than doubled that of last year. This was due not to economic conditions alone, but to individual effort on the part of consistent workers.

In December the Association was given a larger and better room. It had outgrown the old quarters. The walls of the new room were tinted, changing it from a store-room to a beautiful and spacious room for the meetings. The German circle added twenty-five good oak chairs to the furnishings. Since the dedication of the new room the greatest meetings in the history of the Association have been held and the spirit shown has been excellent.

The growth of interest in the work is marvellous. On February 27th at the regular meeting there were about one hundred twenty-five men present—thus changing our "top-notcher." The year has been eminently successful.
notcher," fifty, to this figure. The year has been eminently successful.

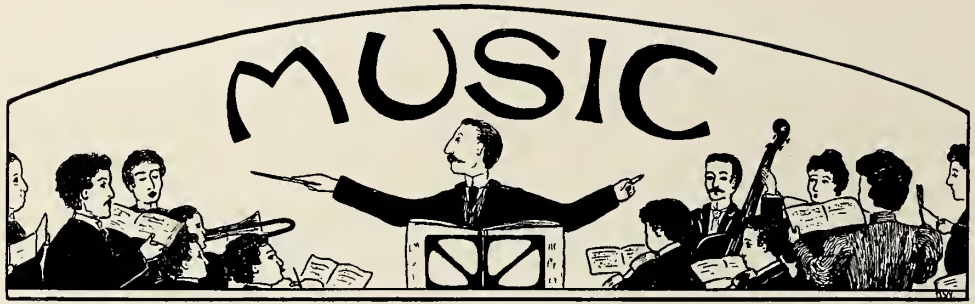
—Charles Hartwig.

The Strange Guest

IT was a cheerless eve in winter,
And the sky was dark and heavy
With the snow-clouds of December,
While the snow-flakes soft and airy
Drifted downward slow and silent
On the valley, hill and meadow,
In the corn-field and the forest.
As the shades of night were deepening,—
Down the road an old man tottered,
In his hand a staff like Jacob's,
While his shoulders were bent over,
And his clothes were thin and tattered,
And his long beard like the snow-flakes,
And his eyes were dim and sunken
As he wandered slowly onward.
Up the hill so steep and slippery,
Climbed he upwards, slowly, painfully
Till he stood upon the summit;
Then he paused a while and rested,
Leaning on his staff in silence,—
While the shades of night grew denser,
And the snow came down more thickly.
Just a little distance onward,
Then he paused before a mansion,
Builded there out in the country,
With strong walls of brick and mortar,
With wide porch and many windows.
From the windows lights were streaming
'Gainst the pine trees that stood 'round them;
And the sound of mirth and laughter
Drifted outward on the snow-storm.
Then the old man smiled in silence
And his heart beat wildly tender,—
For the joy that Christmas bringeth,
As he stood and rang the door-bell.
At the door the father answered,
For a moment paused in silence,
While the old man begged for lodging.
Then in voice both stern and heated
Bade the old man depart:
"We've no time for tramps and beggars
For we have a Christmas party,
And your presence is distasteful
With your torn and ragged garments,
Piping voice and beard a flowing.
Still, besides, I hate a wanderer;
Go and build a home as I have,
Then you will not be out tramping
Through the cold nights of December."
Here the old man bowed in silence,
Turned about into the highway.
Still the mansion lights kept gleaming,
And the laughter pealed in torrents
As they played the games each loved best;
Little thinking of the meaning
That the eve of Christmas bringeth.
Then the hour for supper cometh,
And when seated 'round the table

Groaning 'neath its heavy burden
Of the best from every climate,—
Bowed the father's head in reverence,
Asked the God of all the living
Who that night had given Jesus
As a savior to all mankind,
To be near and bless his household,
And the guests that had assembled.
Down the road the old man staggered,
And the snow was getting deeper,
While his steps were getting weaker.
On he went and down the long hill,
'Cross the bridge into the valley,
Patiently he wandered onward
Down a narrow-winding road-way,
Till he stood before a cabin
Builded there within the forest.
From its small and only window,
Gleamed a light upon the snow-storm.
Then the old man rapped the rude door
With his hand so cold and weary,—
In an instant it flew open,
When before him stood a woods-man
Bowing low and bade him welcome,
Ere the old man asked for lodging.
Seated there before the fire-place,
In the only easy rocker,
Cheerfully the old man waited
While the wife of this kind woods-man
Got his supper, plain but wholesome.
When the supper was all over
Then they gathered 'round the fire-place,
Just this woods-man and his kind wife
With their guest so strange and happy.
Then his face took on more gladness
When the woods-man kindly asked him
If he'd tell for them the story
Of the Christ-child in the manger.
How he told that wondrous story
Of which mankind never weary,
How their hearts beat high with rapture,
While the tears of joy upwelling
Flowed unbidden down their rough cheeks;
Never had man heard that story
Told in such a matchless fashion.
How their hearts ached for the mother
When the inn would not receive her,—
Then how glad they were that shelter
Could be found among the cattle.
When the old man reached the portion
Where the angels sang that chorus,
Lifted he his voice in singing
Into tones so sweet and joyful,—
While his face gleamed forth with glory
Lighting up the entire cabin.
Here his tattered garments faded
Into robes of snowy whiteness
And his staff became a trumpet,
To perfection changed his body—
Then the woods-man and his good wife
Gazed upon this scene of glory
Till the vision vanished skyward,
For their strange guest was an angel!

—James Lively.



Orchestra

E. W. Morphy—Director

Violins:
Caroline Powers
Mary Hemenway
Bertha Trautman
Ruth Lavery
Helen Mills
Leta Seeforth
Bernard Spaeth

Viola:
Ellis Hudson

Cello:
Professor Dickey

Bass:
Bertram Dixon

Piano:
Ada Munch

Wand Hodge Lyons

Mills

Millikin Quartet

John C. McLain - - - - - - Director

Solo Cornets - - - - - - -	Harry Baxter Corwin Roach	Bass - - - - - - - - -	J. Robert Adams
		Baritone - - - - - - -	Howard Bone
First Cornet - - - - - - -	Grover Pierson	Tenor - - - - - - -	Clifford Miller
Second Cornet - - - - - -	J. Ray Kirk	Trombone - - - - - - -	Frank B. Barton
Altos - - - - - - - - -	Ernest Davis Lynn Barton	Clarinet - - - - - - -	Burr Million
		Drum - - - - - - - -	Adolph Schlick

Band Organization

President - - - - - - - Burr Million
Secretary - - - - - - - Harry Baxter

OFFICERS

President - - - - - - J. Ben Wand
Vice-President - - - - Jeanette Trautman
Secretary - - - - - Jennie L. Young
Treasurer - - - - - Gertrude Baxter

Sopranos:

Fannie Evans
Esther Lou Bergen
Viola Bell
Maud Tribe
Sylvia Siehr
Corinne Davis
Lucile Taylor
Edna L. Strader
Gertrude Baxter
Olive French
Emma Garmon
Lucile Parker
Ethel . Shore
Jeanette Trautman
Jennie L. Young
Alice Finfrock
Olive Evans

Altos:

Lula B. Dickey
Theckla M. Siebens
Ivra Shaw
Leta Bane

Tenors:

Lloyd Meeker
J. Ben Wand
F. C. Hinds
Ray Dillinger
Dean Veirs
C .H. Hoggatt

Basses:

Guy Atchison
C. Ward Clarke
Cecil Cox
Cory Wilkin
Lorin H. King
Harold Mills
Raymond Shaw

Wand Meeker Dillinger Veers Cox Mills Clarke King

Strader Wilkin Ketch

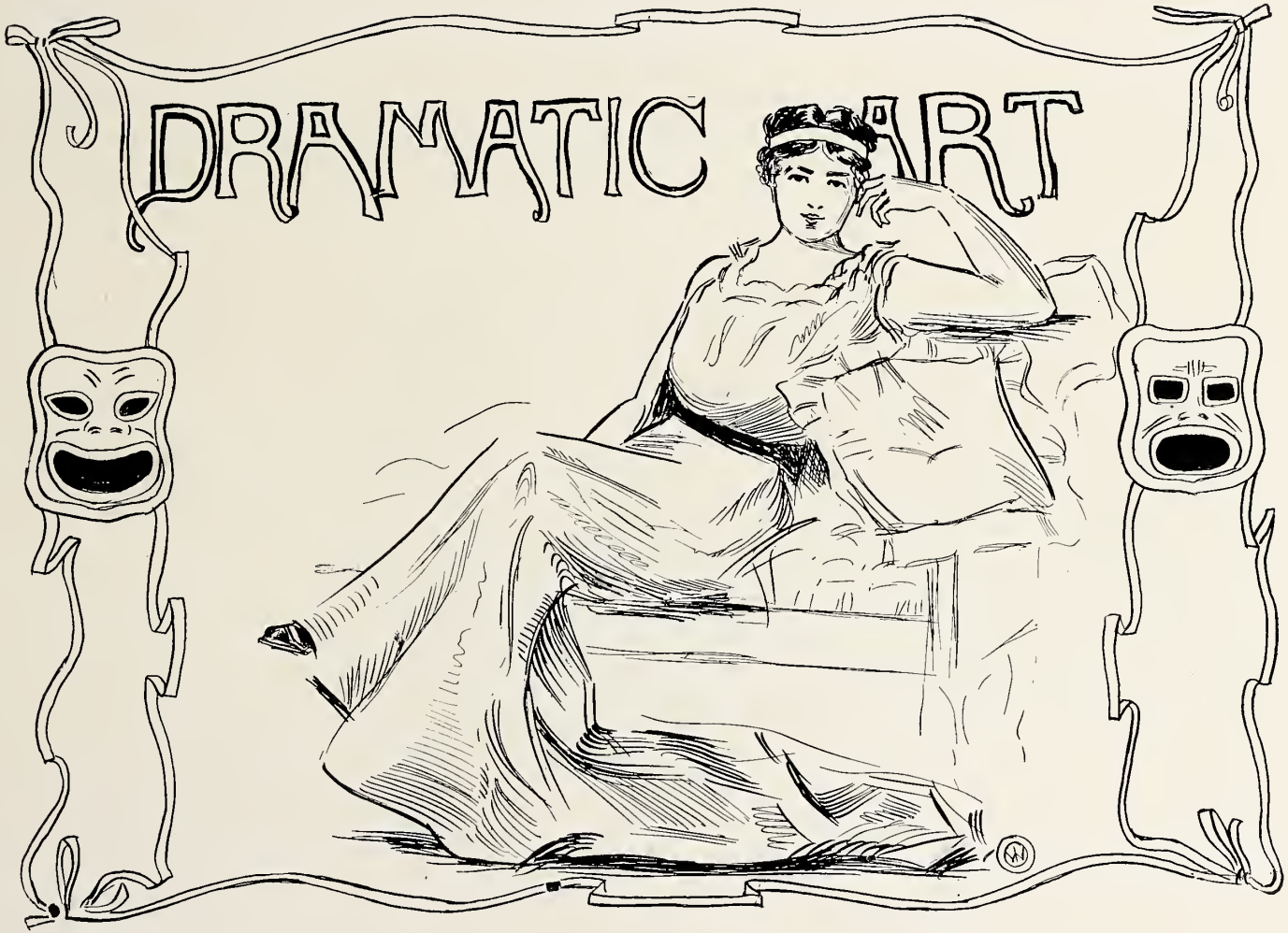
Trautman Bane Tribe French Evans Bergen Dickey Sierh Siebens

Evans Parker Young Shore Kaeuper Baxter Garmon Bell Taylor

The Form of Beauty

WHEREIN is the truest form of beauty found?
To me, it seemeth not in grandest work
Of artist nor the daring garb of Earth's
Most wild, most gorgeous scenes in which
She seeks to daze, perhaps benumb the mind.
Nor is it sounded forth by pealing bells,
By master's touch or harp Aeolian,
Nor is its perfume wafted thither by
The breeze that's born in balmy Eastern fields
Of poppies and the rose. For these were made
For senile races of the Orient
And those fair parasites that thrive in blood
Of the tumultuous working hives of worlds.
But God has planted beauty's shape, for me,
In all the little ways of beast and man,
In Nature's common, everyday attire;
The cherry orchard's almost ruddy glow
As seen across the fields, and that deep loam,
From which the dear old father-town arose,
When newly tossed of plow, the blackbirds pert
A-walking down the furrows after worms,
The willows dipping in the stream that flows
All darkly underneath; the golden waves
Of oatfields and the cattle on the hills,
The dainty tint of violet; the wealth
Of violet and that glad purity
The earth puts on, fresh from its morning bath.
And what aroma sweeter than the hay,
New mown, or as we tread it under foot?
Or sound more musical than clammering hoof
Of work-horse turned to pasture after rains;
From such as these an inspiration falls,
One finds not in the crowded haunts of men,
Amid the clang of hammers, whistles pipe
None knew that love of Nature, awe of God,
Born in the merry days and still, still nights,
God gave to country-folk and villagers.

—William Banfill.


DRAMATIC ART

Dramatic Art Club

OFFICERS

President	John Lyons
Secretary	Raymond Turner
Treasurer	Charles Hartwig
Stage Manager	Starr Cole
Director	Binney Gunnison

Membership

Hiram M. Shumway
Chester Hyde
J. Ben Wand
Edna Strader
Jessie Montgomery
Pet Hunt
Clarence Hahn
Lois Yoder
William Banfill
Arthur Van Cleve
Burr Million
Edyth Foster

Hahn Banfill Hartwig Million

Turner Wand Yoder Hyde Cole

Hunt Strader Lyons Montgomery Foster

Dramatic Art Club

"Rebellious Susan"

Cast:

Sir Richard Kato	John Lyons
Admiral Lord Darby	Alexander Long
Jim Harabin	Burr Million
Lucien Edenson	J. Wilbur Adams
William Pybers	Edgar Stevens
Mr. Jacob	Chester Hyde
Lady Susan Harabin	Pet Hunt
Mrs. Quesnel	Edyth Foster
Miss Elaine Schrimpton	Jessie Montgomery

Orlandian

"A Woman of Culture"

Cast:

Mrs. Chester	Lucile Ewers
Evelyn Barrington	Zella Hostettler
Mrs. Symonds	Loretta Boyd
Major Symonds	Charles Hartwig
Herbert Sandford	Ansel Magill
Maid	Minnie T. Drum

Philomathean

"The Taming of the Shrew"

Cast:

Baptista	DeForrest Baird
Vincentio	Harry Hadley
Lucentio	Gary Hudson
Petruchio	J. Ben Wand
Gremio	Harry Griffin
Hortensio	Hiram Shumway
Tranio	Ray Turner
Biondello	Ellis Hudson
Grimio	William Banfill
Curtis	Lorin King
Pedant	Leo Brown
Katherina	Mabel Williams
Bianca	Bounita Boyd
Widow	Theckla Siebens
Tailor	Harold Hampton
Haberdasher	William Bell
Servants	C. W. F. King, Hensley et al

Hudson Lehenbauer Hannah Ross Sly Banfill
Turner Laughlin Lehenbauer Douce Welch

OFFICERS

President - - - - - Philip A. Lehenbauer
Vice-President - - - - Raymond R. Turner
Secretary and Treasurer - - Lulu L. Laughlin

Members

William Banfill
Ethel Douce
Ellis Hudson
Cyril Hannah
Lulu Laughlin
Philip Lehenbauer
George Lehenbauer
Verne Ross
Maurice Sly
Raymond Turner
Paul Welch

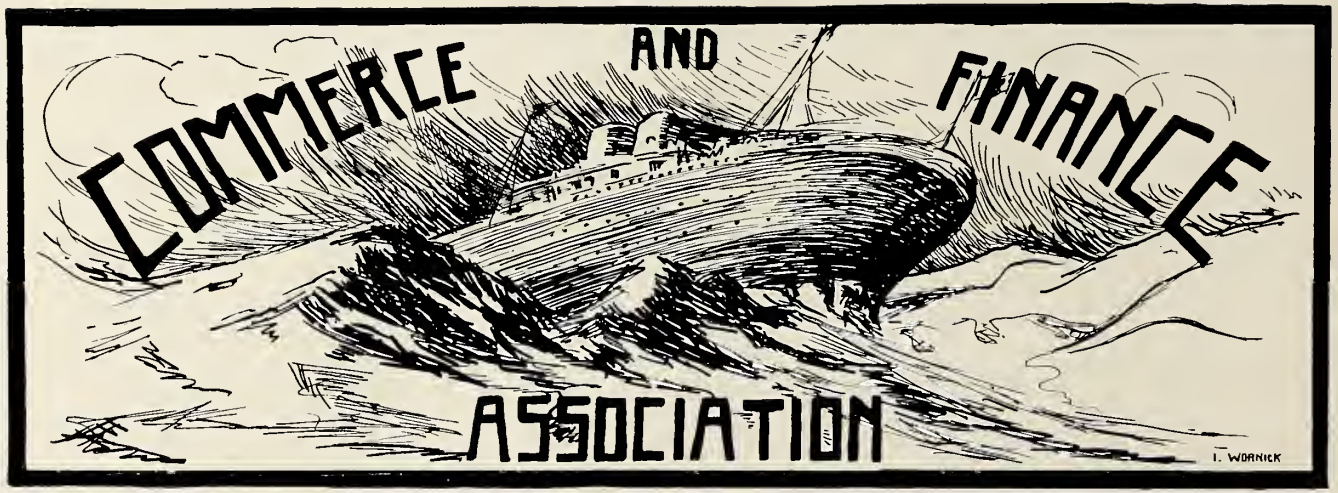
Engineering Society

THE last official act of the Engineering Society last year was a revision of the organization. As originally planned, the Society was to consist entirely of junior and senior engineers. Because of the small number in these classes, it was seen that the Society could never become an important factor in the school life of the engineer. To remedy this defect the constitution was amended so that all college engineers might become members of the Society.

The object of the Society is to keep in closer touch with modern engineering problems than can be done by a series of courses from text-books. This is accomplished by a discussion of the articles running in the leading engineeering magazine and by an occasional lecture.

OFFICERS

President	Frank Culp
Vice-President	Harry Baxter
Secretary	Ray Kirk
Business Manager	Hubert Davenport



FRIENDSHIP is the basis of happiness in college life. The man without friends stands alone, and he cannot reach the measure of his full stature while pursuing knowledge. Social fellowship has as much influence in determining the habits of a young man as the knowledge he can gain from books. It gives the young man breadth of view and teaches him to respect opinions; it eradicates selfishness and tends to bring out the strong qualities in a man's make-up.

The Commerce and Finance Association is an organization of the young men in the School of Commerce and Finance. The purpose is social fellowship. We attempt to form friendships that shall endure throughout the length of man's life. We believe that we have accomplished the object of our coming together. In the future, we shall point with pride to the evenings we spent together talking over school experiences; personal experiences; humorous subjects; political topics and many ethical and moral questions. The benefits will be far-reaching, and even though they do not show themselves at this period, we can rest assured they will crop out in the future at some time and somewhere. We ought to remain true to the ideals we have had exemplified in many ways. The future is what we make it.

Commerce and Finance Association

OFFICERS

	Student	Alumni
President	Eugene S. Cole	James D. Moses
Vice-President	Carleton F. Mattes	J. Arthur Moore
Secretary	Edward W. Ross	Orris Bennett
Treasurer	William Bell	Chas. A. Post

Members

Faculty
W. C. Stevenson
D. Walter Morton
Albert T. Mills
Samuel N. Reep
Calvert Dyer

Seniors
Eugene Starr Cole
C. Hersell Hoggatt
Robert Masuji Matsumoto
Hiram Maclin Shumway

Juniors
William Bell
Norman J. Sansom
Carleton Mattes
Ewing Wilson

Sophomores
Cecil Cox
Clarence Flegel
Harold Hampton
Roy Hamilton
Everett Hodge
Chester Hyde
Edward W. Ross
James Wasem

Freshmen
DeForrest Baird
Ernest Davis
Arthur Gee
Everett McClelland
Harrison McCown
Clarence Martin
Hobart I. Moses
Loyal Petrie
Floyd Perry
J. Schaffer
J. D. Wagner
Don Wickard

Members Absent with Degrees:
Orris Bennett
Don Lehman
Ray McGaughey
Horace McDavid
J. Arthur Moore
Edgar Morrow
James D. Moses
Charles Post
C. B. Whitehouse
Kent Williamson

Moses McClelland Gee Hampton Shaffer Wagner Davis Wickard Petrie Perry
Huff Flegel Wasem Hamilton Baird Hyde Hodge Holliday Cox
Martin Ross Sansom Shumway Morton Stevenson Dyer Reep Matsumoto Mattes Cole

Going Down to Victory

AFTER the bishop had finished reading the appointments there was a momentary hush in the conference room, then excitement broke loose. The young men, who had received promotions, were calling out congratulations to one another and, of the older men, some looked happy, some, disappointed, while a few sat with bowed heads. As his friends were bidding him farewell, Walter Rober remarked to himself, "How very hard it is sometimes to think all things work together for good." Rober had just completed his course in a theological school and had expected a better place than Mount Gilead. All the way home he sat with a paper lying unread on his knee, while he stared out of the car window, disappointment written all over his face.

* * * * * * *

Sitting in his little study in the parsonage at Mount Gilead, Walter Rober had just completed his first sermon. As it lay on the desk before him he gazed at it proudly, this finished product, such as he had often written in the seminary. How well-rounded and polished those sentences were, how strong that theological argument, and how grandly it rang from his lips. He could see his audience now, their plain faces turned toward him in eager listening, their hearts thrilled with his words. Just as he was delivering the last sentence to the sun going down in the west he heard a knock at the door.

In answer to his "Come," his mother ushered in a trembling, old man, whose one hand was holding his hat and cane, while the other was extended toward Rober. As the two men shook hands he said, "My name's Abe Perkins, Uncle Abe they call me an' as I was a-passin' here, I happened to think the new parson's name was Rober. So I thought I'd drop in and see if you was any kin to Will Rober, I used to know down at Big Bend." On hearing that it was Rober's father, the old man continued, "When yer pap was preacher down there he merried me and Cynthy, an' baptized an' buried our first baby. He was a good man, yer pap was, I do hope you're like 'im. He preached the plain old gospel without none o' them high-fallutin' idees that's thrown in now-a-days; just preached Christianity fer us pore folks to understan' it an' to live it." The old man chatted on in this way for some time, then rose to go, saying, as he hobbled toward the door "Well, Walter, I'm goin' to call you that, I'll be out tomorrer to hear you preach. I hope you'll preach like yer pap; he was larned like you, but he never forgot to give comfort to us hard-working folks."

After the old man had gone and he could no longer hear the thump of the cane on the board-walk, Rober went back to his sermon, but it seemed dull and lifeless, now. There was no message in it for the poor, hard-working people of Mount Gilead. He gathered it up suddenly and started toward the fire, but he turned back, smoothed out the crumpled sheets and lay them on the desk. As he sat down and started to read it, the words of Uncle Abe

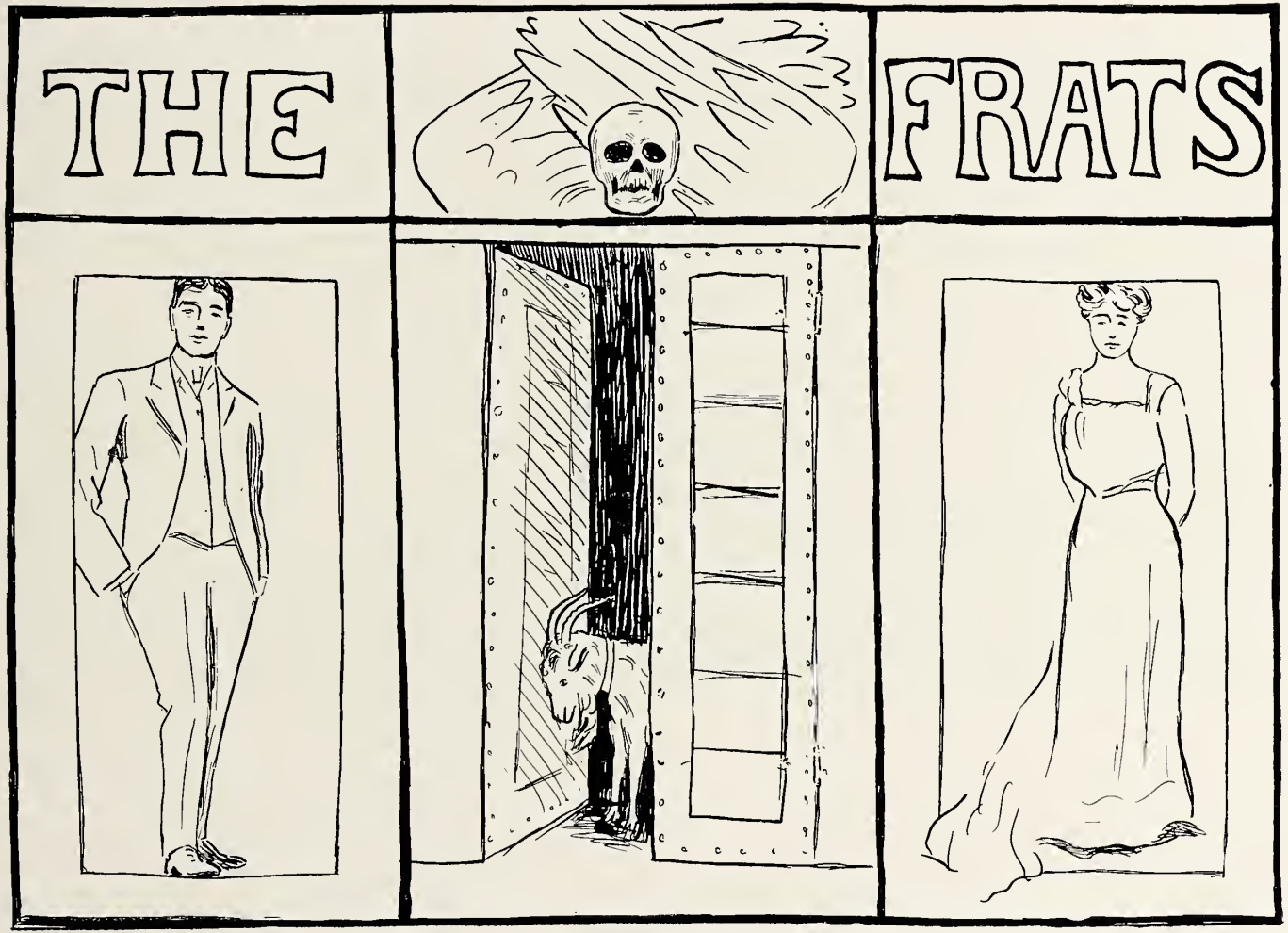
Perkins kept ringing in his ears, I hope you'll preach like yer pap; he was larned like you, but he never fergot to give comfort to us pore hard-working folks."

While he was sitting there in the darkness trying to picture the people of Mount Gilead listening to his sermon only one face appeared to him, the face of his father. He heard that familiar voice saying, "I'll be going home soon, Laddie, but you know you're to fill my place in the world." Would this have been his father's message to the simple farmers of Mount Gilead? Walter gazed about the room as if for help, but the books he had cherished so much in his college days could not help him, now. He looked out into the dark night over the homes of those simple people and thought of their rest for the Sabbath day. Would their hearts be touched by that sermon lying before him? He slipped to his knees and prayed, how long he did not know, but just as the clock on the mantel struck one, he rose to his feet. His face was pale and drawn as he knelt before the grate, stirred the dying embers, and lay among them the great work that was to have thrilled the hearts of his listeners.

* * * * * * *

Walter Rober's first sermon was not the finished discourse he had thought it would be, but only the simple message of an inexperienced boy with the love of God in his heart. On one side of the church sat the women, weeping. On the other side, some of the men had bowed their heads and were praying and others were looking and listening, eager to catch every word. Uncle Abe Perkins sat on the front seat, his face smiling as if the sunlight of heaven had fallen on him. It was as if the Master, himself, again walked among men and women and was calling, "Come unto me all ye that labor and I will give you rest."

At the close of the service the people gathered about their new pastor and grasped his hand, thanking him for his message of hope. They were filled with new courage and zeal for the wearisome drudgery of life. "You did yer father proud, my boy; you did yer father proud," said Uncle Abe as they parted at the parsonage gate. "That might have been his own sermon." —Joy Van Cleve.


THE
FRATS

Patton Davis Taylor Holliday Huff
Ross Moses Ennis Hamilton Good Hahn
Wasem Davenport Shumway Sansom Mattes Bricker

Kappa Delta Chi

(Local)

Established April 22, 1904

Patrons and Patronesses

Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Fisher
Mr. and Mrs. Smith Walker
Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Powers
Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Van Deventer
Dr. James D. Rogers

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE

Seniors

Hiram M. Shumway
Eugene S. Cole

Juniors

Norman J. Sansom
Carleton F. Mattes
Ward J. Bricker

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE

Colors: Orange and Blue
Flower: Carnation

Sophomores

James E. Wasem
Roy M. Hamilton
Daniel E .Moeller
Edward W. Ross
Willard K. Gearen
Wilfred J. Holliday
Lester E. Ennis

Freshmen

Ernest R. Davis
Hobart I. Moses
Leslie R. Taylor
Clarence A. Hahn
Nelson B. Good
Floyd W. Davis
Lindley W. Huff

Pledge

Grover C. Patton

FRATRES IN ABSENTIA

James D. Moses
Horace W. McDavid
J. Arthur Moore
Edward A. Gruebel
Forrest File
Edgar L. Auer
W. Ray McGaughey
Jesse M. Corzine

Hazelton Daniels
Dwight E. Young
Harry N. Humphrey
Chas. A. Post
George A. Gilman
Louis M. Baker
Keach A. Bone
Hermann H. Kaeuper

Alpha Sigma Theta

(Local)

Established October 6, 1904

Patron—Prof. B. B. James

Affiliated Members

Lawrence Sears
Dr. Thomas W. Galloway
Prof. D. Walter Morton

ALUMNI

Ellis E. Bankson, B. S., C. E.
Orris Bennett, B. S., C. & F.
Edward L. King, A. B., M. A.
Edgar D. Morrow, A. B.
Ray Oliphant, B. S., E. E.

FRATRES IN ABSENTIA

Leonard H. Cassity
George Ewing
Clinton C. Morgan
George T. Owens
L. Park Ritz
Hoyt O. Smith
Lyman Smith
Encil H. Summers
Frank Sheffler
Earl Winters

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE

Faculty Member—Samuel N. Reep

Colors: Black and Gray

Flower: Violet

Seniors

Ansel O. Magill
Verne R. Ross
Arthur T. Van Cleve

Juniors

William Bell
Harry Baxter
Lloyd S. Wallace
Ewing Wilson

Sophomores

Erwin Dudley
Walter F. Isaacs
John R. Lyons
Ira J. Pease
Raymond Turner

Freshmen

J. Harold Hampton
Corwin Roach
Floyd W. Perry
Harrison J. McCown
Frank Markwell
Loyal J. Petrie
Arthur M. Gee
Otis R. Hill
Walter E. Willis

Pledges

Grover Pierson
Donald Wallace
Louis Hull

Lyons Magill Perry Bell Isaacs

McCown Reep Ross Turner Hampton Wallace Pierson Hill

Van Cleve Roach Hull Markwell Baxter Pease Dudley

Phi Delta Pi

Zeta Chapter

Established October 21, 1903

Flower: Black-Eyed Susan
Colors: Black and Gold

Active Members

Marie Morgan
Eleanor Armstrong
Clara Ferritor
Emily Powers
Florence Page
Helen Ritchie
Marie Allen
Mary Pickerel

Absent Members

Samuella Young
Hazel Bowen
Alberta Barnes
Leonora Allen
Myra Powers

Associate Members

Mae Badenhauser
Suzanne Imboden
Lora Sanford Kensman
Nellie Irish

Page Powers Ferritor Badenhausen

Ritchie Morgan Armstrong Kinsman Irish Imboden

Delta Theta Psi

Established October 1, 1904

Colors: Green and White
Flower: Violet

Faculty Advisors

Prof. and Mrs. Stevenson

Patronesses

Mrs. A. R. Taylor
Mrs. John A. Montgomery
Mrs. Robert Mueller
Mrs. A. W. Conklin
Mrs. W. T. Wells
Miss Nita Clark
Miss Buckingham

Sorores in Urbe

Myrtle Rugh
Alice Baker
Blossom Field

Sorores in Universitate

Edna Beckett
Elizabeth Lemon
Lelia Lamb
Pearl Tippett
Helen Voris
Edith Bowyer
Frances Campbell
Mable Lamb
Caroline Lutz
Edith Schenck
Lucy Penhallegon
Mary Hostettler
Ruth Bicknell
Jessie Penhallegon
Katherine Trautman
Irene Handlin

Pledge

Marie Scott

Lutz J. Penhallegon Campbell Bicknell

Tippett Lemon Schenck Handlin Hostettler Field

Voris Trautman L. Penhallegon Beckett Lamb

Chi Sigma Phi

Established October 13, 1904

Faculty Advisor: Dr. J. B. Shaw

SORORES IN FACULTATE

Davida McCaslin
Theckla Leafbourg

SORORES IN URBE

Florence Dearth
Caroline Carr
Leoti Swearingen
Judith Mills
La Rue Neisler

SORORES IN UNIVERSITATE

Colors: Gold and White

Flower: Yellow Chrysanthemum

Senior

Bonnie Blaekburn

Sophomore

Bertha McClelland

Freshman

Ilda Dearth
Edith Hampton
Blanche Hamilton
Jewel May
Nettie Sarver
Ettta Sarver
Sara Stapleton

Junior

Helen Mills
Ruth Stevens

Specials

Ethel Liehtenberger
Faye McAdams
Nora Camp

Pledges

Mamie Fletcher
Grace Bottrell

Sarver Kemp McClelland Hamilton Lichtenberger Stapleton
Stevens Hampton Bottrell Dearth Sarver Fletcher
Swearingen Mills Blackburn Leafbourg McCaslin Mills Neisler

Phi Pi

(Local)

Φ Π

Established May 13, 1908

Colors: Garnet and Steel Gray

Charter Members

Irene Leiby
Blanche Redmon
Flora Ross
Irene Staley
Louise Stevenson
Celia Still
Jeanette Trautman
Ina Wornick

On the night of May thirteenth, nineteen hundred and eight, a chapter of Phi Pi was installed in The James Millikin University. Installation and Initiation were followed by a banquet and slumber party at the home of Miss Ina Wornick, 907 West Wood Street.

The Sermon of the Rose

IT was evening in the country. The sun glowed softly amid a wealth of gorgeous clouds into which it was slowly sinking deeper, deeper. Afar to the east the clouds that clung to the horizon were a deep blue, cleft now and then by the red line of the lightning. The rest of the sky showed beautiful gradations between the light of the west and the darkness of the east in the loosely driven masses. The wheatfields were ripening and in the evening light they seemed like fields of gold, the corn rustled and the trees scattered here and there loomed up dark and startlingly; all was beautiful and mysterious. In the city, too, the twilight seemed to be closing in about a mystery, many mysteries indeed, but they were black and hideous. Long shadows like heralds of ill—heralds of shame and crime indeed fell across the long narrow dirty streets. A close murkiness like a plague hung over the city and the tall plain unemotional buildings seem to suggest drooping withered weeds.

Down a little close littered alley hurried a small child woman that summer evening. Withered she was, like the city about her, early she had toiled for the crumbs that the beast—shall we call it Society or the World—had left her. Who is to blame, not you? Not I? God knows, perhaps none of us. Early she had toiled:—she was still young as you and I count years but old, old in toil unrecompensed, in hope deferred, in longings never to be satisfied. But that evening there was a glow in her cheek, a glow that assumed one moment almost the suggestion of the rosiness of youth. She was happy, too, for a smile hung timidly on her lips and she hummed a little tune as she looked down at a deep red rose that she carried in one hand and tenderly touched and stroked with the other. She had bought it out of her little hoard for her brother at home who lay perhaps sleeping, perhaps thinking of her. He had lain there always she had come to think—many, many years she knew. He was her little brother, tho but a few years younger, for his mind was still a child's and for years his body had not grown. And because he needed her love so badly and because he was now the only one left to love her even in his feeble way her devotion to him had become the passion of her life. So tonight, joyfully amid all the gloom of the wicked city she hurried on and came at last to a large, crudely put together building where up flight after flight she toiled till at last she reached, just off from the landing, a small dingy room, her own and her brother's.

She entered softly and found him looking intently out of the small dingy window. She came up to where he was and asked him what he thought of. He turned slightly but kept on looking out of the window.

Then suddenly he cried "Mary, if all those people out there could look through my window, could they see all I can see?"

Then she brought out the flower and placing it before him, she watched his smiles and gleeful exclamations. He picked a leaf and held it in his hand and turned it over.

"Who made the roses?" he asked wonderingly.

"God did, little brother, he makes everything"

"Did he make us, too?"

"Yes."

"I wonder why he didn't make us all roses then."

"Perhaps because he wanted some one to love the roses, little brother."

"Mary, where does God live? I want to tell him I want to be made over into a rose. Does the policeman know where he lives?"—and again he mused.

* * * * * * *

Whether because of the oppressive heat or because of the progress of his disease, the brother was ill the next morning; unable to raise his head off the cot or to take the little food she could offer him. He had often been sick thus for days and she had gone on with her work leaving him during the day alone, though guarded by the casual watchfulness of a tender-hearted German lady of the same floor.

When she returned that evening, hurriedly and anxiously she heard, as she reached the floor below, a bustle of soft treadings. Her heart sank within her. Was he dead? The thought came to her like the shock of dissolution itself. God who had given her nought else would not tear away from her the life that was more to her than life itself. Yes, God had done worse things than that, she had seen him do it.

Had he not killed Rachel Masen's babe and had he not left many people to starve when the factories closed and had he not sent soldiers to kill fathers and sons who fought for bread and loved ones? Why did God make food and then not let people eat it?

But her illusions were soon dispelled by the smiling face of the German matron who shook her head and said "It's all right, Mary. Der is a doctor comes, I don't know where he tells me but I don't know and he says that Charley—oh I don't know but Charley will be alright afterwhile maybe and Charley lies still and talks and smiles and all the flat is talking for it's the doctor and it will be alright afterwhile maybe."

Reassured but wondering who this doctor might be, Mary with her buxom and talkative comrade came up stairs and to her room. A tall, pleasant, slightly bearded young man met them at the door and greeted them.

"Ah, Mary, is it? I am Dr. Hess of the Settlement. The policeman of this beat lives here, I believe—came up to see his little friend—wasn't at his window, he said. Then he came to us, we had helped him, you see, when he was a hungry tramp from the west and naturally he thinks we can help everybody. Well, we do our best and so I thought I'd see if I could help Charley, if you're willing, of course."

In broken words Mary apologized for herself and for her little brother and was altogether quite flurried and unable to tell just what she should do. But the Doctor had something he knew he must do, to prepare her for the news that her brother could not live.

"Little one" he said to her tenderly as he closed the door on the officious German woman and the rest of the flat and brought a chair and compelled her to sit down. "Tell me about the little brother."

And slowly he received from her the story of his life of the congenital disease that had destroyed first the growth of his mind and then of his body and was now slowly weakening both. And the story of her poverty and hardship and the blight of the World's crime that had come over her, wove itself into the other story so that the good doctor knew them both.

"Mary," he said as she finished and he spoke calmly, a little sadly. "Mary, I wish I could say the little brother would be healed, mind and body. A long time ago if some one had known he could have been perhaps but now—Mary did you ever hear of the good Doctor, He could heal all sorts of diseases, if we only had him here now."

"But can't we get him or does it cost too much?" asked the simple minded girl.

"Yes, Mary, we can get Him. Listen, child," and he told that wonderful story of Him who came to heal and save mankind.

"Only God can cure him now and he wants to, but in order that He may, Charley must leave you—Mary, do you realize what I mean?"

"Yes, oh yes," and her lip trembled piteously. "I see, I see. You mean he is going to die."

"No, let us not call it death." He has never lived," he added to himself. "He is only going where God will make him strong and well, and may God pity us who are still sick."

"Oh, Doctor do you mean—? Will he really be like other folks then? Only I can't ever see him. But I can die too, maybe. Do you know that when I came up here tonight and heard the noise I thought Charley was dead. I thought God was bad, but he really is good, isn't he? Maybe he wasn't to blame for the soldiers, either, or Rachel's baby. Oh, Doctor I'm awfully thankful to you—and to God" she added as an after thought.

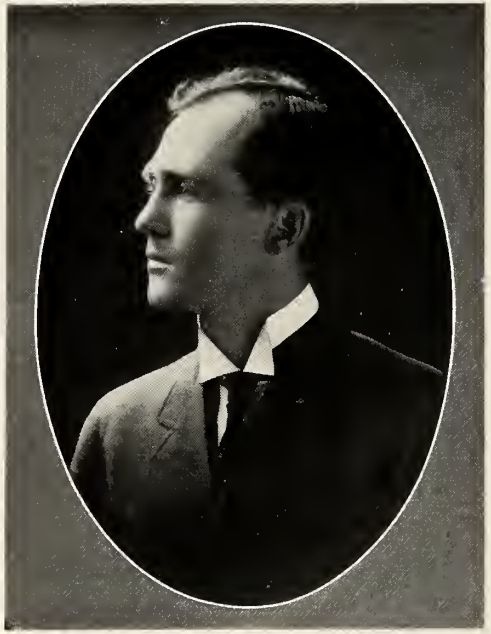
Then she went to the cot and gazed awefully down upon her sleeping brother. "Charley is going to be cured now," she whispered, half aloud. And she bent and kissed him.

* * * * * *

Soon after, Charley did go to be under the Great Physician's care. And as he died he said joyfully, assuredly, "I am going to be a rose now!" And his saying confirmed her belief in what the doctor had told her, for the rose was to her as it is to us—a symbol of beauty and fullness of life. For the few years that were left her, she went back again into the merciless stream of human endeavor. The horror of this world; its blight, its incompleteness, its tragedies—oh, the grimness of its common tragedies—no longer jarred upon her patient soul, for she had learned that behind it all was God the healer, and she believed that He was trying to make all things right, and that sometime He **would** make them right, even as He had done for herself and her brother. And she was satisfied.

—William Banfill.

ATHLETICS



Athletics

James C. Elder, Physical Director.—Tarkio College, Tarkio, Mo., 1905. Yale summer school in physical training department; Athletic Director, Cape Girardeau Normal, Cape Girardeau, Mo., 1905-1907; James Millikin University, 1907-1908; Director Boys Clubs during Summer.

Athletic Association

OFFICERS

President	Hiram M. Shumway
Vice-President	E. Starr Cole
Second Vice-President	Katherine Trautman
Secretary	Fred Benton
Treasurer	C. W. Dyer

The Athletic Board is composed of the following members:

Faculty Members

President A. R. Taylor
Coach J. C. Elder
Dr. J. C. Hessler
Prof. J. D. Rogers
Prof. D. W. Morton
Prof. Wm. C. Stevenson
C. W. Dyer

Student Managers

Football	Verne R. Ross
Baseball	Harry Baxter
Track	Elmo Drake
Tennis	Lloyd S. Wallace
Basketball	Ira J. Pease

The Athletic Association

THE spirit of progressiveness which has characterized The James Millikin University since she first opened her doors, can be clearly seen in the A. A. The excitement of the newness of it is over, and it has settled down to a steady course of putting our athletics on a sound basis.

The past year was not marked by any record-breaking teams, and yet they were by no means below the standard. About as many contests were lost as won. But is the prime motive of our Association to win games? No! It is first to develop the physical side of our student body, and, then, to win by honorable methods if we can, and if we cannot, to lose honorably. The class of transitory students which frequently characterized our teams during the earlier years of our history, have entirely disappeared, and the personnel of the teams is now confined more nearly to regular students. By playing together for a season or two they come to know the ability of each other and to develop team work, which cannot be obtained from a bunch who are strangers to each other, at the beginning of a season.

In a financial way the Association has done remarkably well. From this point of view the football season was a great success. After some debts which ran over from last year were paid, in addition to the expenses of the football season, there was a neat sum in the treasury. The basket-ball team, tho not a paying proposition, was at least self supporting. From the present outlook it seems as if the baseball and track teams would take care of themselves.

The federation of the student organizations was continued this year and has been successful. The student body are still agitating the question of a compulsory athletic fee, and it is hoped that the Board of Managers will grant us this coveted privilege.

I know that the world, the great big world
Will never a moment stop
To see which dog may be in the fault,
But will shout for the dog on top.
But for me, I shall never pause to ask
Which dog may be in the right,
For my heart will beat, while it beats at all,
For the under dog in the fight.

Football

ANOTHER year has passed into history and Millikin has contributed another foot-ball record to be stored away in the archives of time. It is not what we, one year ago, hoped it would be, but things are seldom as we hope they will be; and if they were we would, without doubt, soon lose all ambition to strive for the uncertainty of the future.

It was expected when school opened that Mr. Ashmore would return to coach the team, but it was learned at the last minute that he would not do so. There were thirty candidates for the team and no coach. Arrangements were made, however, with Attorney Frank R. Wiley, who played two years on the U. of I. team, to take charge of the squad until a regular coach could be secured. About October 1st President Taylor announced that James C. Elder, of Missouri State Normal School, at Cape Girardeau, had been secured.

Mr. Elder is a graduate of Tarkio College, and has taken special work in physical culture at Yale, and at the Geneva Summer Conference, Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. He came to us with the reputation of a man who had the ability to organize things in a systematic way. He has proven this beyond a doubt, for the Association was never in a better financial condition. Mr. Elder arrived in Decatur about October 1st and immediately took charge of the squad, which Mr. Wiley had gotten into condition and started on signal practice.

The season opened on October 5th by a game with Normal. There was not a Millikin rooter who doubted for an instant that Normal would go home minus their scalp. But instead of this they went home with Millikin's scalp dangling from their belt. It was a case of over-confifidence that lose the game for Millikin. The score was 6-0, made on a blocked punt, near Millikin's goal line.

After this defeat the team awoke to the fact that they were deficient somewhere. They returned to practice with renewed vim and vigor, determined to strengthen their weak points. In the game with Rose a week later, a decided improvement was shown, both on offense and defense. Rose was lucky that she was not beaten worse than 2-0. The score was made when Wilson returned a punt and a Rose player, who caught it, was forced over his own goal line.

Then followed a victory, 10-0 over Wesleyan,, and a tie game 0-0 with Shurtleff. The first was an easy victory, and if the field had been in good condition it is quite likely we would have won from Shurtleff.

When the DePauw game ended 5-0 it was quite evident that Millikin were lacking in offense. The defense was good enough, but we could not make long enough gains. The DePauw game was a hard one, and every man fought his best from the time the whistle blew, until the referee declared the game over.

Th Lombard game on the 16th of November proved Millikin's Waterloo. At the beginning of the game it

looked as if it was a walk-away for Millikin. But in the second half the bad luck started when Pease had his ankle broken. This somewhat disheartened the team, but they went to pieces when Markwell had a tooth knocked out, and Bell was knocked senseless. Lombard scored three touch-downs. It was a sorrowful-looking bunch that journeyed back to Decatur that night.

One week later the team traveled over the same road to play Monmouth. Two years ago they beat us 35-0, and last year 25-9. This season it was only 5-0.

The season closed on Thanksgiving Day by a game with Knox in which Millikin won 10-6. It was an evenly matched, hard-fought game, and was witnessed by the largest crowd that ever attended a game on Millikin field.

During the season there were more defeats than victories, and yet it is not a record to hide with shame, but rather one to be proud of, considering the difficulties under which we labored.

Much credit is due to the second team for their perseverance in holding together and furnishing practice for the Varsity. The more faithful members were, Dudley, Ellis, Sudbrink, Mills, King, Perry, McCown, Martin, Reynolds, Montgomery, Hahn and Gee. Only one member of the team graduates this year, and there is no reason why we should not have an all State Champion team next year. The majority of games on the following schedule should be won for Millikin:

October 3—Normal at Decatur
October 10—Knox at Galesburg.
October 17—Wesleyan at Decatur.
October 24—Rose at Terre Haute.
October 31—Monmouth at Decatur.
November 7—Washington U. at St. Louis.
November 14—Lake Forrest at Lake Forrest.
November 26—Shurtleff at Decatur.

Ewing Wilson

Captain Wilson is twenty-one years old, weighs one hundred thirty-five pounds, and is five feet ten inches tall. He was a candidate for the team in his freshman year, 1905. He participated in a few games, at a back field position. The following year he was a candidate for quarterback and has held this position since. He is heady, a hard player, a sure tackler, and during the last season developed dodging and the stiff arm to a high degree of efficiency.

Frank Markwell

Markwell came to us with a four years High School record, and from the first practice it was evident that there was something in him. No one fought harder for a place on the team than he, and he was rewarded by playing the last four games. During the Lombard game he had a tooth knocked out, yet he played the game through. After nursing his sore mouth for a week he played in the Monmouth game. After Pease was injured he took his place at fullback. He is twenty-one years old, five feet seven inches tall and weighs one hundred forty-three pounds.

Verne R. Ross

Ross fought for two years for a place on the varsity, but had to content himself with being a scrub. This year, however, he was rewarded by winning his emblem. He is twenty-two years old, five feet and eleven inches tall, weighs one hundred fifty-five pounds, and played guard.

Leslie Taylor

Taylor is another new man with a high school record to back him. He is the youngest man of the team, being seventeen years old, six feet and one inch tall, and weighing one hundred forty pounds. He played right half and is responsible for many yards of the Millikin gains for the past season.

Ira J. Pease

Pease won his position on the team during the season of '06 by his hard work and perseverance. He played guard. At the beginning of the '07 season he was placed at fullback. The position was new to him, but he was an apt student and filled it well until he was injured in the Lombard game.

William H. Bell

"Billy" appeared on Millikin field in the fall of '05. He seemed no different from all other scrubs, and had to satisfy himself as a guard on the scrub team.

The following season he broke into the varsity line and since that time he has been in every game played. He is best at guard, but during the past season has played at center and tackle. He is twenty-two years old, five feet and eight inches tall and weighs one hundred fifty-one pounds. He is a sure, quick, and hard tackler, often getting through the opposing line and breaking up a play before it is under way. On offense he is a tower of strength.

Charles Bennett

Bennett, who has played right tackle, is five feet and eleven inches tall, twenty-one years old, and weighs one hundred eighty-five pounds. His chief gridiron virtue is his weight and the force of his offensive charges. He has been selected by his team-mates to captain next season's team.

Willard Gearen

Gearen donned a football suit last fall and by his perseverance and hard work during practice proved his right to a place on the team, during the last four games. He was a whirlwind at center. He is twenty-two years old, five feet and eleven inches tall and weighs one hundred fifty-one pounds.

Roy Hamilton

"Ham," the second sacker of the baseball team, put on a suit one day during the season of 1906, and came out to practice. He impressed Coach Ashmore so much that he was encouraged to continue the practice, and in the beginning of the season proved to be a wonder at half back. He is a clean, hard player, being especially strong on defensive work. In the use of the stiff arm he is unexcelled. He weighs one hundred forty-eight pounds, is five feet ten inches tall, and nineteen years old.

Louis Hull

Hull is another to whom the game of footbal was new at the beginning of the season. Being twenty years old, five feet six inches tall, weighing one hundred fifty pounds, and endowed with a vigorous and steel-like build he made good at the right end. When he has had more experience it will be hard to find a better end.

John Johnson

John is one of those big, vigorous fellows from the farm, bringing with him hard muscles, and the strength of an ox. It is doubtless due to these things that he made good at guard. He is nineteen years old, six feet tall, and weighs one hundred sixty-seven pounls. This was his first venture in football, and he lacks the experience of a veteran. For him we predict a permanent place on the Millikin line.

Otis Hill

Hill is the biggest man on the team, weighing one hundred ninety-eight pounds. He is five feet eleven inches tall and eighteen years old. He came to Millikin in the fall of '06 and made good at center. Never a better center passed the ball at Millikin. The past season he was transferred to left tackle on account of his weight. The position was new to him and he did not play the game he would have : center.

William Penhallegon

"Penn" is a product of the Decatur High School. He is twenty years old, six feet one inch tall and weighs one hundred forty-two pounds. He is the fastest man on the team, and always made a favorable impression on the bleachers, on account of the way in which he got down under punts from his position at left end. Eckersall picked him for a position on the all-state team.

Louis Ostrander

"Dutch" entered school about the middle of the season and made good during the last three games. He had had some experience on the Decatur High School team, and had the qualifications (weight one hundred fifty eight pounds, age eighteen, height six feet) for a guard. Another year of college football and he will be a lineman hard to beat.

Bell Ostrander Penhallegon Bennett Ross Markwell
Johnson Pease Wilson (Capt.) Elder (Coach) Hull
Hamilton Taylor

Base Ball

BASEBALL stock of the season of '07 took a great slump when it was announced that Mr. J. N. Ashmore was to sever his connection with the University in order to enter professional baseball. It struck consternation to the heart of player and fan alike. But the spirit that characterizes the young blood of America was not lacking at Millikin, and we determined to rise above all difficulties. The coaching was turned over to Prof. D. W. Morton and Captain Moeller. There was an abundance of as good material as any coach could wish for, and an excellent team was developed.

Fate seemed to be against us and few games wer won. Several were cancelled on account of wet grounds and inclement weather. Several players were injured or sick when needed most.

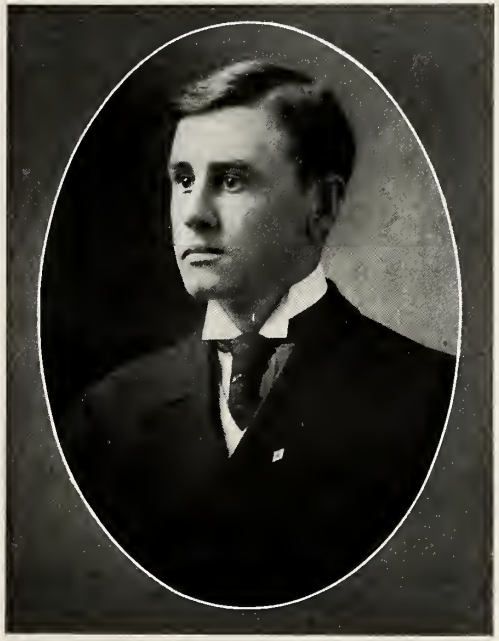
Prospects for the present season are bright. Pierson, Wasem, Hamilton, Davis and Hackenberg of last year's team are in school, and constitute the nucleus around which to build the new team. It is quite likely that Pierson will do most of the pitching. Moses and Finney may also break into the Varsity line-up. Smith, a new man, seems to have a lease on first base. Sudbrink and Taylor are both trying for catcher. Wilson, Wilkin, Good, Gee, Davis, McCown and Lehenbauer are candidates for outfield positions.

Manager Baxter has arranged the following schedule:

1908 Baseball Games

(Games played before May 20)

Bradley vs. Millikin—Bradley won 6-4.
Charneston Normal vs. Millikin—Charleston won 2-1.
Bradley vs. Millikin—Millikin won 5-3.
Wesleyan vs. Millikin—Millikin won 1-0.
Charleston Normal vs. Millikin—Charleston won 8-1.



Personnel of the Team

E. Sudbrink	Catcher
Everett Finney	Pitcher
Hobart Moses	Pitcher and Right Field
James Wasem (Captain)	First Base
Roy Hamilton	Second Base
Grover Pierson	Third Base
Ewing Wilson	Left Field
Nelson Good	Center Field

Wilkin Baxter (M'g'r.) Finney Elder (Coach) Good
Wilson Moses Wasem (Capt.) Smith Sudbrink
Hamilton Taylor

Track Section

ON the track at Millikin during the season of 1907 Millikin exhibited some fast men; but found herself sadly lacking in the field events. Under the efficient coaching of Captain Porter we established a record for ourselves among the minor colleges of Illinois. Only two inter-collegiate meets were held, and the track events were a walk-over for Milllikin. In the meet with Monmouth six out of seven firsts, and in the Wesleyan meet, all firsts were won by Millikin.

The team lost Captain Porter by graduation last year. However, all the short distance men of last year are again in school, and the long distances are to be run by Wallace, Perry and Pitman, three exceptionally good men.

The schedule for this spring comprises the following meets:

SCHEDULE

April 23—Millikin vs. Bradley at Decatur.
May 8—Millikin vs. Monmouth at Decatur.
May 12—Millikin vs. Bradley at Peoria.
May 13—Millikin vs. Wesleyan at Bloomington.
May 15—Millikin vs. Wesleyan at Decatur.
May 28—Millikin vs. Monmouth at Monmouth.
May 29—Millikin vs. Knox at Galesburg.
June 6—Millikin vs. Knox at Decatur.

Personnel of the Team

Track Men and Events

50-yard Dash—Isaacs, Davenport, E. Drake, W. Drake. 1908 record held by Davenport, 5¼ seconds.

100-yard Dash—Isaacs, Davenport, Hamilton, Veers. 1908 record held by Davenport, 10¼ seconds.

Shot Put—Bennett, Hines, Ennis, King. 1908 record held by Bennett, distance 34 feet.

220-yard Dash—Davenport, E. Drake, W. Drake. 1908 record held by Davenport, 23 seconds.

Pole Vault—Shumway, Hines, Hadley. 1908 record held by Shumway, height 9 feet 8 inches.

440-yard Dash—E. Drake, W. Drake, Hamilton. 1908 record held by E. and W. Drake, 53 seconds.

220-yard hurdles—Taylor, E. Drake, W. Drake. 1908 record held by E. Drake, 28 seconds.

Mile Run—Wallace, Poole, Perry. 1908 record held by Wallace, 4 minutes 8 seconds.

Half-Mile Run—Wallace, Poole, Perry. 1908 record held by Wallace, 2 minutes 5 seconds.

Discus Throw—Ennis, Hines, King, Bennett. 1908 record held by Bennett, distance 99 feet.

High Jump—Shumway, Hadley, Myers, Wilson. 1908 record held by Shumway, 5 feet 5 inches.

Hammer Throw—King, Hines, Bennett. 1908 record held by Bennett, 106 feet.

Broad Jump—Veers, Wilson, Hines. 1908 record held by Veers, distance 20 feet 2 inches.

Wallace Perry Smith Martin Wilkin Baxter
Poole Drake Davenport Shumway Drake

Basket Ball

BASKETBALL is the one line of sport that has not been successful at Millikin. Without any hesitation whatever, we can attribute this to the lack of a place to practice. Our gymnasiums are small and have low ceilings, which fact makes them unsuitable for basketball practice.

During the past season the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium was secured for practice. This is an ideal place, but the conditions under which it was secured, make it prohibitory for the majority of students. No one was allowed to play who was not a member of the city Association, and many of the students felt as if they could not bear this additional expense. We hope that before long we will have a gymnasium building of our own and then we will be ready to take our place in basketball among our competitors in other lines of athletics. The distance from the University and the hours of practice make the use of the City Association gymnasium very inconvenient.

A winnning team could scarcely be expected, owing to the discouraging conditions under which we labored. While no games were won, we demonstrated that we could be classed with the other Illlinois colleges. Normal defeated us by only one point, and they have always been classed among the strong teams of Illinois.

It was due to the untiring efforts of Coach Elder and his little squad that we had any team at all.

Ross Hahn Willis Drake Elder (Coach) Drake Miller Ross Pease (Manager) Jones Taylor

Tennis Section

THERE were no inter-collegiate tournaments last spring, but considerable interest was manifested by the tennis-loving enthusiasts of the student body. The courts were very popular for those of tender emotions, and when the sun began to sink in the western skies knights of brown arms and their ladies fair could be seen wending their way toward the shady courts.

During the summer tennis received a setback from which it has not yet recovered. The sewer which crossed the campus struck the courts, and as a result they were in no condition for playing last fall. The contractor has repaired the courts, and doubtless with the coming of the spring they will regain their former popularity.

Manager Wallace is negotiating some tournaments, and it is quite likely that Millikin will begin her career of inter-collegiate tennis. We believe it will be in keeping with the standards set in her other lines of athletics.

Girl's Section

THE Ladies' Department of the University gymnasium work is under the supervision of Miss Mollie Gruebel. Miss Gruebel is a Decatur woman and a graduate of the Decatur High School. Previous to accepting the position of instructor of gymnasium work in the University, Miss Gruebel was in charge of the calisthenics and gymnasium work in the Decatur Y. W. C. A. She also conducted private classes, and has presented before the people of Decatur the results of her labors with Grade School Children worthy of special attention and merit.

It was in response to a general feeling of a need for the highest and best physical training for the women of the University that, in 1905, the department of calisthenics and gymnasium was placed on a conservative basis. Since that time the growth of this department has been marvelous, both in regard to the number of students and the quality of work.

The best and latest methods of gymnastic instruction and facilities for practice are employed. The course of instruction is so outlined and given as to include training in all movements that are of basal importance in the grand finale, The May-pole Dance of the gymnasium girls.

Teacher's Course in gymnasium and calisthenics work is offered by the department, and is under the direct supervision of Miss Grubel. Many teachers in the city of Decatur and surrounding towns take advantage of this special feature of the Women's Department.

Baseball

Hamilton Stocks Wasem Pierson Smith Swisher Benton Moeller (Captain)

Track

E. Drake Davenport W. Drake Shumway Van Guilder Moeller Porter (Captain)

Football

Wilson (Captain) Penhallegon Pease Ross Hamilton Bennett Bell Taylor
Johnson Hill Hull Gorin Markwell

Athletic Benefit Program

"Half Back Hamy"

Harvey Smith	Roy Hamilton
Josiah Krop (his uncle)	Leo Brown
Philip Krop (his cousin)	Cory Wilkin
Bill Short (Phil's friend)	Maurice Sly
Kenneth Sumner	Hubert Davenport
Percy Gordon	Ewing Wilson
Dick Hart	Frank Markwell
"Babe" Van Twiller	Charles Bennett
Joe Fleetwood	Tom Folrath
Chauffeur	Carleton Mattes
A. Voice	Ward Bricker
J. Booth McReady	Leslie Taylor
Professor Dryden	Chester Hyde
Mable Sumner	Clarence Hahn
Sue	Edgar Stevens

Contributors

Bonnie Blackburn
Lucile Bragg
Clarence Flegel
Joy Van Cleve
Raymond Turner

William Banfill
James Lively
Carleton Mattes
Alice Henderson
Harry Pifer

Faculty

J. D. Rogers
Wm. C. Stevenson
Hermann H. Kaeuper
Eugenia Allin

Mary B. Clarke
Harry E. Smith
William H. Varnum

Art Work

Walter F. Isaacs
Goldie Atherton
Harry Farrell

Della Wilson
Ina Wornick

Janitors

Samuel Baxter - - - -	Superintendent
W. R. Richmond - - - -	Assistant
Raymond Shaw	Guy Atchinson
Roy Stevenson	Ralph Finfrock
Alexander Long	William Banfill

My Dreams

Relentless Time, that gives both harsh and kind,
Brave let me be
To take thy various gifts with equal mind
And proud humility;
But, even by day, when the full sunlight streams,
Give me my dreams!

Whatever, Time, thou takest from my heart,
What from my life,
From what dear things thou mayest make me part,
Plunge not too deep the knife!
As dies the day, and the long twilight gleams,
Spare me my dreams!

—R. R. Turner.

Acknowledgment

The staff of The 1908 Millidek hereby desires to make the following acknowledgements:

To The Review Printing & Stationery Company, who have spared no time in making this book the best that is possible to the printer's art, for the innumerable courtesies shown during the progress of the book.

To the Hammersmith Engraving Company for the exceptional quality of the engravings and prompt service and delivery.

To Mr. Van Deventer, the photographer, for the accurate, prompt, and artistic execution of the studio photographic work.

To Mr. Walter Isaacs, who has spared no time and energy in designing the headings and cartoons for "The Millidek."

Taylor County Breeze

VOL. I DECATUR, ILL., JUNE, 1908 No. 1

THIS paper is Republican in principle, Democratic in theory, and Socialist in reality. In our opinion any measure which interferes with the fullest exercise of personal liberty is contrary to the principles upon which this government is founded. We believe that any rule restricting students in the matter of cutting class, strolling on the campus, or otherwise exercising their personal liberty is without a constitutional basis. We desire to place ourselves on record as opposed to government protection of monopolies or trusts. In our opinion the alarming conditions in the financial world are caused by the fact that the book trust conducted by Ross and Mattes is holding back large sums from the regular channels of trade. We advocate the strict enforcement of the anti-trust law in this case.

We desire the appropriation of larger sums for internal improvement. The government should build a substantial bridge over the campus river in front of its buildings. This would prevent the serious loss of life among students coming to school during the floods, as many are drowned in attempting to ford the stream. We also believe that the spot-light on the dormitory walk should be removed, as it interferes with fullest co-operation on the part of the young ladies and their escorts. We suggest that the rixer Styx be dredged and a concrete reservoir be built and equipped with a steam crane for convenience in ducking Freshies. We maintain that it is the duty of the government to build and maintain a concrete walk from the government building to Fairview Park, for the protection of public health by preventing spring fever.

As the reader will notice elsewhere, word has been received from the executive office of the resignation of the Assistant Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Hon. D. Walter Morton of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, U. S. A. This marks the close of the political career of another of our prominent statesmen. From his childhood up, Mr. Morton has spent his life in hoodwinking the people of this country. It is not the policy of this paper to expose the vile deeds of any man in public office, for otherwise

we could fill this paper full of the unparalleled and unexampled frauds which this man has practiced. Who knows the trouble he has caused, the hearts he has busted, the dates he has broken, the classes he has cut, the cussedness he has instigated, the willful and deliberate schemes he has put in the minds of his minions?

If it were the policy of this paper to expose men of this stamp, we could easily find material among his friends and allies who sit with him on the rostrum of dignity. In this line we might take up the record of our ambassador to Ancient Greece and Egypt, Hon. James D. Rogers, R .O. T. He has so far forgotten the principles of the country he represents, and has absorbed so much of the spirit of the dead, that he often speaks of Greece and her people.

The only man in the cabinet who is known to be free from any suspicion of graft is H. E. Smith, T. W. This is known beyond the shadow of a doubt, because he had no money to purchase a Millidek, and turned the poor book-agent penniless from his door. This man, it ought to be remarked, is head of the bureau of internal improvements, and receives a compensation greater than some of his fellow officers.

A bill has just passed Congress that it shall be unlawful for students to become members of social organizations which do not have a government charter. It would be well to cal the attention of the reading public to this law. The restrictions of this law are very severe. No one is allowd under its provisions to join a church which givcs social affairs for its membership, membership in the city Y. M. C. A. is prohibited. We realize that there is considerable benefit in such a law. Students are liable to become intemperate in their indulgence in religious dissipation, and such a thing is highly detrimental to the well-being of the students.

Section V, Art. 3 of the law says: "Nothing in this law or any section thereof shall be construed to prohibit attendance at pool-rooms, or at bar (by law students), such institutions not being considered social organizations!" A test case is now before the supreme court. William Neir, in violation of this law, joined the Hard-Shell Baptist Church. He was immediately arrested and plead "not guilty." He was convicted and took an appeal to the supreme court. E. Hudson, attorney for the plaintiff in error, says that the law will be declared unconstitutional , as it is repugnant to that portion of the constitution which grants every man religious freedom. Chief-Justice Mills will hand down the decision of the higher court in a few days. The decision is looked forward to with interest by the common people.

Note:—These editorials wuz hired writ.

Grand Opening Day

On Tuesday September 10, the doors of our institushun of higher larnin wuz opened to receive the hordes of aspirin young folks as wuz beatin at them fur admishun. Various and sundry of our beloved perfessors went up and down the country proclaimin that this here skule wuz the best institushun of higher larnin in the land of the free and the home of the brave. So movin wuz there appeal that many wuz constrained to send there children here for instruckshun in the arts and sciences. On Sept. 10 they begun to pore in. What a glorious site it wuz to see 'em. Little boys, big boys, girls, sum with there maws and paws, without neither and sum by 'emselves. They wuz a noble crowd of yung people. When the doors wuz opened, they thronged into the noble edifus, ankshus to larn and receive welcum by our beloved citizen, Dyer with his beamin contenunce. Mister Taylor wus also there receivin 'em gladly. He sez to our representative "the best sayin in the Bible is 'whosoever will kin cum," and then adddd "perwided he has the muney." They wuz 1 thing which cast a shado o'er this fair scene. Among the things assembled in the halls of the institushun wuz sum fellows moochin fer new paper subscripshuns and joiners fer the Y. M. C. A and other organizations. On the whole the animated scene reminded our representative of the Taylor County Fair last fall. All that was lackin was the toy balloons and lemonade to bring fond recolleckshuns to our minds of days which have as happpy beeen. It wuz a pleasin site to see the older students helpin the new cumers to fix there programmes. Our esteeemed felllow citizen mister Taylor collected them all in the meetin hall and addrest them in his usual delightful manner of the work which wuz to bedune.

It is interestin to note the fact that the gurls asilum wuz used fur the furst time on this date. It is a large commodious structure built of red bricks presided over by Misssus Valentine with white stone trim and red tile roof. It is inhabited at present by sum 30 odd inmates but more is constantly arrivin.

The Great Licker Question

1 of the most engrossin subjeeks before the inhabitants of this fair metropilus is the lieker question. This problem is 1 of the most important before the eitizens of this hole nashun It has been agitated fur sum years and has now reaehed a elimax in the fite whieh is now taking plaee in this prosperous eommunity. The principul of local auction is the 1 which is drawing our attenshun. Sum of the best pulpit orators of our fair eity has bitterly arranged the saloons fur there affeet on the morals of this metropilus. The fellows of both sides has been becumin very hard and made mueh wild talk has took plaee. Fur sum time it wus thought that cooler heads would pervale but this wuz in vane, as it were.

As the interest growed more strenuous arguments took plaee on the publiek highways of this fair city. Friends and allies of both sides endevored to prove that they wuz rite. Our honored and esteemed fellow eitizen mister Hyde held forth fur sume time to a large crowd of interested spectaters consisting of sum of our most importunt townsmen and 1 dog. Mister Hyde maid a grand speaeh and 1 worthy of publiekashun if space permited. We wuz prowd to think that they wuz a man in this fair metropilus with the forensick ability of mister Hyde.

Things begun geting hoter and hoter and finally they busted. After a enthusiastiek meeting a erowd of young men from our institushun of higher larnin, bandin themselves too gether to eliminate the saloons, as it were,

visited the various saloons of this fair eity. At the head wuz Johnny Lyons whose paw is one of our leading eitizens, and who carried a villunous hatchet. Johnie had imbibed to much liquid enthusiasum, paregorically speakin, and wuz actin dangerous-like with the hatchet. When the bunch wuz halted before 1 of our best saloons

Johnie, whose intents is good tho he don't act just rite, waived the hatchet. This wuz the signul fur a grand outbreak on the part of the saloon forces. A Riot wuz narrowly averted by the quic acshun of our brave city

marshul who arrested sum of the wring leaders the following day. It is grately regretted that such an unseamly demonstrshun should have occured at this time as it aroused bitter feelins. We hope that it will only be considered as 1 of the pranks the young men of our institushun of higher larnin loves to play.

News Items

1 of our newsheets in a nayboring town wuz in a turrible predicament not long ago. A report cum to that paper that sum of the wellknown peopul of the city wuz married. It wuz announced in this paper that mister Porter and Miss Lamb who sum of our citizens know wuz secratly married. Grate wus the suprise of theeditor when he received a note tellin him what he wuz and then sum On investigashun it wuz revealed that the report wuz a mistake. This goes to show what terrible things cum to a newspaper which don't tell the truth.

The Tatler wuz deaply grieved to hear that our esteemed fellow citizen mister Ashmore had resignated. He has received a posishun in the East sumwheres. Jim wuz a noble man a good fellow and we wuz sorry to hear that he wuz to leave fur parts unknown. The Tatler congratulates the East on this grate addition to there citizens. Luck to you Jim.

Our reporter in Baltymore sez that when Erma Anderson reacht that village there wuz six letters in the post office from Prof. Morton of our institushun of higher larnin and sum post cards which the post mistress had read but said the stuff on them could not be told in publick.

Excitement at the Asilum

There wuz considerable exitement at the gurls asilum the other nite. A innosen yung man called fur sum gurl and accordin to his instrucshuns knockt in the corridor. But thru his innosense he had went 1 story to fur. When he knockt he wuz suprised to see a beautiful yung gurl arrayed in a mother hubbard cum forth. Both wuz suprized at each other and fled in dismay. He wuz bold enuff to inquire fur his gurl and got her and got away safely. There wuz sum talk of persecuting the yung man fur trespassin.

Sum of the yung men of our institushun of higher larnin becum energetic the other nite and played sum practical jokes. The gurls at the gurls asilum wuz the principle victims of there pranks. A gentle knock on the door 1st apprised them of the presents of intruders. When the gurl answered the door there wuz a large rebellious cow. Grate wuz the consternashun among the gurls. miss Valentine wuz dumfounded. What wuz to be done? She had had no experience in handling live stock!

Running to the telephone she called up the volunteer fire departmunt, which came on the run, arriving in 2 hours and 25 minutes. Before they cum the cow wuz rendered so frantic by the screems of the gurls that she busted the rope and regained her freedom. It took sum time fur the boys on the fire department to calm the yung ladies. It is not known who the offenders wuz. They wuz sum talk of linchin if they wuz caught. The cow wuz not held responsible.

Hallowe'en

Hallowe'n is an institushun which has cum down to us frum anchient times. What wuz the origin of this custum is unknown. But it is interestin to see how it is celebrated. The young peopul of our institushun of

higher larnin celebrated this in there usual manner. At 1 of the frats, which are clubs which promise to keep secret the debts of its members, they wuz the usual punkins, and fodder and such truck. They wuz dohnuts and hard cider and apples etc. The other frat had a dance. They wuz a grate time there to. The hall was artistickly decorated. Sum of the other yung peopul of the institushun went around playin the usual pranks that is always played.

They wuz sum hallowe'en doins at the gprls asilum a few days before the regular nite. Ever body reported a fine time and invited themselves to come again which they sed they would.

Our President's Birthday

Our reporter visited our institushun of higher larnin to see the students celebrate the (?) burthday of there honored president Mr. Taylor. This wuz done in a delightful manner. Mister Taylor and his better half, stood on the platform and allowed the students to throw things at them. Those who threw at all, threw ferns but they wuz sum who wisht fur other things but abstained from them as not befittin the occashun. When they wuz thru mister Taylor and his wife looked like set pieces fur sum funeral they wuz so covered with ferns. It wuz a beautiful specticle.

Our Friend Mister Kaeuper

Grate wuz our suprise to see our honored citizen mister Kaeuper get off the wabash train the other day. At 1st we thought he wuz a strange furiner but 2nd site showd us he wuz no other than his self. Our staff photographer took his picture so as our readers would be able to recognize him on the streets and not hurt his feelings by not speakin to him.

"I wisht I wuz a man!"
Is the same old boy who used to say,
When a barefoot boy he ran,
The man who sighs for the happy days

The Grate Debate

We wish to make menshun of the grate work done by sum of the yung men of our institushun of higher larnin in a forensick line. 3 of the yung men wuz chosen to defend the fair name of there institushin in a combat of words agin 3 fellers frum sum other similur institu-

shun, we ferget the name jist now. These 3 yung men went to work emmediately preparing there speaches fur this grate contest. They wuz at it day and nite takin no time fur sleep to speak of. After they had learned themselves what they had writ they would go off in the woods and speake their peaces to the burds and flours, and other harmless animuls. Finelly the day cume. The 3 boys and sum friends got on the train and went away prepared to do there wurst. Our reporter and fotographer went along.

When the time fur the speakin cume the meetin house wuz crowded. Our yung men marched up on the rostrum with large books under there arms to prove what they sed wuz so. There wuz sum kinder feller spoke fur the side who could talk more and say less than any man we know except our esteemed citizen mister Montgomery. They wuz 2 other yung fellers spoke fur them but they didn't say nuthing and sed it a lady-like manner. But our yung men made speaches the like of which are rarely heerd in the halls of Congress. They wuz sublime. The judges decided that the yung men representin our institushun of higher larnin wuz the best and they wuz carried down the stares where the peopul of the other institushun elabrate refreshmunts after which all left declarin they had a most delightful time, ever thing considered.

Sum of there friends wuz unable to take the same car and came up later. Among these wuz our esteemed feller citizen mister Gunnison and his lady friend. When they disembarked frum the car they wuz so forlorn lookin and maid such a pathetick picture that our fotographer wuz constraned to take a picture of them.

Honur Students

The students of our institushun of higher larnin wuz suprised to see a list of names stuck up in the corridors of the spacious edifus known as the Liberal Arts hall. It wuz labeled honor students. It had on it the names of all who made higher grades than 85 last yere. They wuz sum hard working people whoze names wuz not on the list and they wuz sum who didn't give a copper if there names wuzn't there. Our reporter interviewed 1 man whoze name wuzn't their and he said he didn't cum here to make a grind of his self. He claimed that they wuz sum thing else in skule life besides books and he wuz trying his best to get that and let the books go to thunder. Howsumever his wuz probably a case of sour grapes but we don't know. They is bigger fish in the sea than wuz ever caught out of it.

A Turrible Crime

It wuz reported that 1 of the perfessers of our institushun of higher larnin wuz caught in the act of committing a turrible crime. Our reporter sez he saw docter Rogers of ancient Greece settin on the bleachers of the athletic field engaged in the business of masticating a stick of chewing gum. He could hardly believe his eyes and to make sure he askt him what his name wuz. He answered in the affirmative. We are deeply greaved to tell this of our honored citizen docter Rogers but murder will out.

Mr. Elder Arrives

mister Elder the new coach fur our institushun of higher larnin arrived the other day. mister Elder is a nice lookin fellow with red hair which don't interfere with his good looks. He cum here frum Cape Girardo Mo. but that ain't his fault and the good people of this town shouldn't hold that agin him. His knowledge of fut ball and base ball is conspicuous only by its absense. He thinks he left them at Cape girardo but ain't sure.

Settin Up

It wuz reported on good authority, that 1 of the new perfessers at our institushun of higher larnin wuz settin up with the daughter of our presbyterian preacher last Sunday nite. When the reporter went to inter-view the yung lady she said she had nothing to say about the affair fur publicashun.

Senior ? Roast!

The seniors of our institushun of higher larnin wuz delightfully entertaned by themselves, at a dog roast. Equiped with weiners, buns and other delicacies of the seezon they embarked fur the woods at 7 oclock. Here they made a fire. It wuz grate to see the fellows chop

wood. mister Kirk proved hisself such an expert that our photographer constrained him to poze fer a picture. After the fire wuz built they cooked the wieners and other delicacies of the seezon and ate them. It is offi-ciously reported that the Japanese citizen mister matsumoto ate 2 lbs of weiners and 3 doz. buns hisself. mister Hoggatt the well known tenor wuz a clost 2nd to him. All had an enjoyable time and departed wishing there royal entertaners many happy returns of the day.

Rocky Mountain Farce

The other nite there wuz a rocky mountain farce given in the hall of our institushun of higher larnin. The cowboys got busy with their revolvers and shot the ceilin full of powder. It wuz a sight that skared the audience. Several wuz skared nigh unto life and sum wuz hurried away with the skeers yet on 'em. The principle actor lived in Cheechago and told abut how the bufaloo run over the streets—this so skeered the Englishman what was present that alll he could do wuz to yell "By juve!" The tatler recommends this play to any body who wishes to skeer the audience. They wuz sum fine acting by the lady actors. The tatler reporter ain't much of a critick but he didn't see much to critikize.

Eleoborate refreshments wuz served consisten of koffe and them things which have holes in em, called dohnuts.

Incidents at the Hash House

A amusin event tuck place at the hash house of our institushun of higher larnin the other day. 1 of the perfessers, our esteemed citizen mister Stevenson cum in

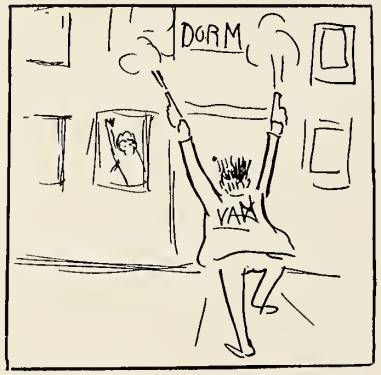
and seated himself at a table. The waiter brung him a bowl of soup which the perfesser et. When he finished he pushed the bowl to 1 side. Pretty soon the waiter seein the perfesser setting there with nuthin to eat brung him another bowl of soup which the perfesser also et. This wuz continued fur sum time until they wuz soup bowls piled all around the perfesser. Finally the waiter brung him another bowl of soup and the perfesser woke up and lookin at the stack of bowls sez "Why I've had soup."

Another incident concerning the hash house is the way the young lady's is served. A yung lady cumes in and sets down at a table by herself. The waiter goes over to the table where the boys is and finds out what they want and brings it too them. Then when all the boys wuz

served with all they want to eat, he serves this 1 lone yung lady who has been settin there for no body knows how long.

Shootin up the Asilum

The yung ladies asilum of our institushun of higher larnin seames to cum in fur more than its share of excitement. while the seniors wuz gittin ready fur the mellowdrama they wuz going to give 1 of the yung men went over to the asilum to git 1 of the yung lady's to



practice fur the show. He wuz all drest up in Wild West stile, jestl iike Prary Pete who wuz hear last year with his show. The yung man wuz admitted by Missus Valentine with feer and trembling, she not knowin what might happen with such a suspishus lookin character on the premises. Howsumever she called the yung lady and they started off. The doors had scarcely closed when she wuz horryfied to heer the sound of shootin out side. She run to the door thinkin that the yung man wuz shootin his fare componion becuz of jelousy. To her horrer, on openin the door she saw the yung man engaged in a violent attempt to shoot up the asilum like Prary Pete's show. It wuz sum time before she wuz intirely recovered frum the horribul schock.

April

April, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears!
April, that mine ears
Like a lover greetest,
If I tell thee, sweetest,
All my hopes—and fears,—
April, April,
Laugh thy golden laughter;
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy golden tears.

"Mirriages"

A mirriage license wuz issued by the Taylor County Klerk to our esteemed and honored citizen, Mister McDavid and our old schulemate miss Olga Keck. The wedin took place at the residunce of the bride on West Wood street and wuz a very enjoyable affair. The tatler extends its congratulations to mister McDavid for his successful wedin.

Mister Morton who has jest resignated his place at our institushun of higher larnin wishes to have the tatler announce his mirriage in the near future but he ain't shure when it wil be, but he sed it wuld be alright. He is also unwilin to give the tatler the yung ladies name.

The Kounty Klerk reports that our beloved and esteamed friend mister Mattes of the monupoly of Ross and Mattes which the tatler advocates bustin up by the enforcement of the ante trust law, has tuk out a license with a blank space on it. The klerk ensisted upon insertin a certan name, but mister Mattes said he would be obliged to look that matter up a little bit because he had bin so busy fighin the trust-busters and doin other sich wurk that he had forgotten to speek to the girl about it lately. "I only dream about it in class" wuz what mister Mattes tuld the clerk and we guess the reporter got it pritty strait.

The Green Debate

(Speshul to the Tatler)

There is considerabul enthusiasm over hear about the cumin debate between our institushun of higher larnin and yarnin and the Taylor County institushun. The members of the freshmen class ar speshully interested bein as their runnin the affare. The other students have tuck considerabul interest although they realize that the freshmen are turrible green here and suppose they are the same at your institushun. But believin that the intents of the freshmen is good there greenness to the contrary not with standing they expect to turn out in masse to there support. Each side seams confident of victory and we hope they will win.

The Ligntning-Flash

The tossing treetops, creaking forth their pain,
Are motionless; no leaf a-quiver now;
The grasses, beaten down by driving rain,
Not even tremble in the lurid glow.

The dashing rain-drops all are stopped in flight,—
A million dazzling diamonds of the air;
An instant gleam they in the dazzling light,—
Then massive darkness settles thru the air.

Inter-Society Contest

They wuz sum excitement at our institushun of higher larnin the other nite. They wuz sum sort of contest between 2 literary societies. They wuz a debate, a orashun, a story tellier and sum piece speakin. Mister Taylor wuz ring Master so to speak. The Orlandians set on 1 side of the house and the Philomatheans set on the other

side. Each side wuz decorashuned in a magnifisunt style. The Philos used there peautiful colors red and white to obtain startlin effects in the decorative art. The Orlandians wuz clost seconds in the art of decorashun. Each side wuz the proud possessers of sum toy balloons which wuz sent up at various times. 1 yung man wuz so interested in securin 1 of these balloons that he disturbed the congregashun and mister Taylor wuz compelled to request him to take his seet. When 1 side would yell the other would try to yell louder and the uprore was deefenin. When they wuz tired of yellin they would have sum singin. 1 side had a horn but the other had a boy dressed up as a clown. When ever body had talked who wuz on the programme the juges returned a verdict in favor of the Orlandians who made a big to do over this verdict. This verdict wuz 9 to 2. They all went up town and celebrated in there usual manner. All to gether it wuz an auspicious affair.

Perfesser a Jail-bird

Grate was the astonishment of the students at our institushun of higher larnin when 1 of the perfessers proclamed hisself a criminiel. It wuz in 1 of the classes and the wurk wuz in full operashun when perfesser Mills our respected fellow citizen sez to the boys that he wuz in jale last summer. This open confeshun tuck the students by suprize. The whole class set perfeckly still as if they wuz stunned. Then grate exitement rained. Sum of the boys wuz fer takin the matter before the skule bored believin that they wuz above bein taught by a jale burd. But on the insurance of the perfesser that he wuz reformed they decided to keep quite and not drive the beloved instructor frum his posishun.

Hersell goes A'flyin

Mister Hoggatt 1 of the seniurs at our institushun of higher larnin, and also one of the perfessers is a turrible sleeper. It is reported on good authority that he only has about 10 minutes to dress, eat and get to a class of a mornin. As a result Mr. Hoggatt runs along the street

at a rapid pace. He runs so fast that his coat tales fly out so strate behind him that 1 might play cheekers on them pervidin he held still long enuf. While he hurrys so fast the naybores eum out an yell eneouragin things at him.

Dwight gets Elected

News has reached us that our esteamed fellow citizen Mr. Montgomery wuz elected to the high posishun of 2nd vice president of the athletick associashun of our institushun of higher larnin. We wuz prowd to larn of this grate honor bein awarded to 1 of our citizens. mister Montgomery is a quiet unpretenshious youth who makes his presents felt by his influence and not by talk. He has tuk a prominent place in the affares of the institushun frum his entrance. He is a well known athelete bein considered 1 of the best pole valters in the state. In practiee he has valted as high as 3 ft. 2 inches. We understand that mister Montgomery wuz not a eandidate fur this posishun but that it wuz forsed upon him by an admirin throng of his skule mates.

Love, sitting by a crumbling arch
And singing low and sweet,
A brooding presence felt and looking, saw
Life nestled at her feet.

The world is full of courage,
And faith in the heart of things,
And many a soul unnourished,
Hears the beat of angels' wings.

Lecture on Urope

There has been big doins at our institushun of higher larnin lately. 1 of the old students wuz back frum Urope the other day and he told all about what he saw and what he didn't see. It wuz a most instructive lectshure and entertainin likewize. What mister Record don't know about Urope is surprisin. It wuz a beautiful nite and their wuz a large and enthusiastick audience out fur the occashun.

The Junior Spread to the Seniors

The Junior class of our institushun of higher larnin is plannin to give the Seniurs a final blow out before they leve skule. The exact nachure of this affare is not known at the present ritin but we are assured by the president of the Juniurs that it will be sumthing fine in the way of entertainin. The boys of the Seniur class have gone so fur as to hire there spike tale coats fur the occashun.

Telegraphic Flashes

(The Licker Problem Again)

Word has reeched us from a nayboring metropilus that 1 of the perfessers of our institushun of higher larnin our esteamed fellow citizen mister Rogers R. O. T. delivered a noble address on the subjeck of lokal opshun in that city. We have knowd fer sum time that the dockter was an orater of unusual ability and we are not suprised

to larn that he wuz lendin his ade to the grate cause of lokel opshun. The report sez that the gentleman presented a turribly good speach on the licker problem. The dockter is a logical and clear thinker. He is a grate believer in the socratick form of argumentation of which he is an absolute master. And while the licker problem is a modern 1 and not familiur to one who believes that all good things wuz killed when the Greeks quit

business, the speeker handled it in a masterly fashion. It wuz full of wit, humor and pathos. The speeker carried his audienee up to the mountain tops of noble sentiment only to let them drop with a dull siekenin thud into the valley of humer. After the speakin a eolleeshun was tuk fur the dockter and the munifisunt sum of 31 sents wuz received. The doekter with eharakteristick generosuty turned the munny over to the banker to be used as an endowment for an old batchlers home.

The President Gives a Recepshun

The president of our institushun of higher larnin has invitashuned the Seniur elass en masse to attend a reeeption at his home. The yung men are suppozed to eum and bring the gurls and if sumthing don't happen sum of them will do that. This reeepshun is an annual affare given by the president to show the seniurs how glad he is that they soon will leave and also give the Seniurs an oeeashun to say how delighted they are to get out. The affare will be espeshully brilliant this year becuz it will be the 1st soshul funeshun in the presidents new palashul manshun on west wood street.

Baker vs. Meek

1 of our reporters wuz out to our institushun of higher larnin the other day to ehapel and an amusin site met his eyes while their. Our esteamed friend from Chie-

kago perfesser Meek was leadin the singin. Perfesses Baker of Boston wuz razing the tunes on the organ. Perfesser Meek is a grate believer in fast singin. He wants to lope throu the hymns like a fire department. mister Baker on the other hand wuz playin real slow.

Perfesser Meek becum disgusted and turned around and glared at mister Baker with a horrifyin look as though murderously inclined and shook his book in a threatening manner. mister Baker not knowin he wuz the innosent cauze of this performence looked up and smiled sweetly at the perfesser. The contrast wuz sumthing fierce and our reporter wuz neerly ded frum laffin when he reeched the offise.

Names for our Institushun

It is interestin to heer what funy names is sumtimes applied to our institushun of higher larnin. The offishul name is the decatur college and industrial skule of the James Millikin University. Among the students it is known as skule; sum of the faculty call it the institushun of higher larnin. Perfesser Morton who has just resignated calls it "the ignurense horspitel" and others give it the appelashun of "the smart house."

A sweet maid spoke to W. H. B.—
Who is bashful as bashful could B—
Quoth she, "My dear Willy
(Pray don't think me silly)
Won't you be my own W. H. B.?"

Sale

On June 9 the undersined will offer for sale at publick aucshun the following named stock to wit

3 De Senectute ponies (broken to ride or drive).
4 Horace draft horses, 1 with heaves.
5 Lucretius horses, very stylish.
2 Xenophon Shetland penies safe for children.
1 Memorabilia, blind in one eye; wind broken.
5 Attie Orator colts, broken to bridle.
3 Plautus and Terence ponies broken to halter, balky.

The animuls are insured to be as represented, sound and serviceable. Terms cash or note with approved security, 6% interest, six months.

Lunch served on grounds.

Sale commences at 8 A. M. at our institushun of higher larnin.

J. D. Rogers, Aucsheneer.
Ruth Bicknell
Jess Penhallegon
Frances Fell
Bertha Eaton
Gary Hudson

Classification of Advertisers

Students and Friends! Patronize our Advertisers.

Drug Stores
Archie Davis
W. O. McCrum
The Armstrong Pharmacy
Hilligoss Bros.
Ellis W. Armstrong

Shoe Stores
Folrath & Folrath
F. H. Cole
Walter Hutchin
Rodgers & Clark

Livery
C. W. Lindsey
Byrd Davis

Clothing
A. Kaufman
Geo. W. Harris
Elwood & Handlin
Neustadt & Sons
B. Stine Clothing Co.

College Supply Houses
Cox Sons & Vining, N. Y.
Bostain Bros., N. Y.
Hammersmith Engraving Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Keuffel & Esser Co., Chicago, Ill.
College Supply Store, University
Steven Lane Folger Co., N. Y.

Jewelry
J. E. Yohe

Tailors
W. E. Dixon
Geo. W. Harris
T. F. Mulleady
Elwood & Handlin Co.
A. Seiler

Dry Goods
Bradley Bros.
Linn & Scruggs

Hotels and Cafes
St. Nicholas Hotel
Decatur Hotel
H. D. Greider Cafe
H. Singleton Cafe

Candy, Sodas, Etc.
C. M. Brodess
Louie Nichols
Joe Bartelo
T. T. Springer
W. O. Leedy

Printers
Review Printing Co.
Wallender & Wilder

Banks
Millikin National Bank
National Bank of Decatur
Citizens National Bank

Florists
N. Bommersbach
A. C. Brown

Miscellaneous
Van Deventer, Photographer
Brugh Werner, Photographer
Bachman Bros. & Martin, Furniture
Moorehouse & Wells, Hardware, Etc.
F. Buckmaster, Grocery
T. T. Springer, Grocery
F. Norman Laundry
Illinois Traction Co.
Springfield Coal Mining Co., Springfield, Ill.
Decatur Dye House

Personal

Ansel Magill has a new tie.

Perfesser Mills has a hare cut.

Try sum of Smith's Remedy.—Davis Drug Store.

The city has went dry.

Mister Taylor the president of our institushun of higher larnin is in Kansas.

Elder carried sum water too the base ball team the other day.

Hazel Niles sez she has a new man.

Miss Allin reports that all is quiet in the library.

Lura Baughman expects to graduate frum the academy of our institushun of higher larnin this spring.

Sum of the windos wuz washed last week.

T. C. Hines kept silense for a totel of 30 minutes last week. He is not expected to live.

Lula De Groat has left off wearin her red swetter jacket. Thanks, Lu.

We hearby announce the wedding of Miss Lamb and H. G. Porter to take place sum time.

Bill Sears and Anna Magill will soon launch their house boat on the streem of matrimony.

Ethel Yanders ditto not to speek of Ethel Bumgarner.

Verne Ross desires to say that all reports about his gittin merried soon is false. He is unwillin to say when he leaves the state of single blessedness.

Erwin Dudley visited in Harristown over Sunday. He says that Blanche is an awful good cook.

Edna Strader has increased the tension on the spring which controls her lower jaw. It now works much better and faster.

Despair

If, when in cheerless wanderings, dull and cold,
A sense of human kindliness has found us,
We seem to have around us
An atmosphere all gold;—

Heaven grant the manlier heart, that timely, ere
Youth fly, with life's real tempest would be coping,
The fruit of dreamy hoping
Is, waking, blank 'despair.

All the poetrie in this editiun wuz also hired writ.

Folrath & Folrath

Decatur's Fashion Shop

for

Footwear

152 East Main Street

L. G. Nichols

Confectionery

Largest Soda Fountain in the City
Our Ices and Sodas Flavored with Pure Fruit Juices

Ice Cream

for Parties, Receptions, Banquets, Etc.
Complete Assortment of Fine Candies

355 North Water Street

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Decatur's

Greatest Clothing

Store

A Store Run by College Men,

and A Store where College Men

Like to Buy their Clothes

Roasts and Grinds

Prexy discussing automatic action in psychology:

"Now which shoe do you put on first? Those who put on the left shoe first hold up their hands: now those who put on the right shoe first."

Jess Montgomery: "Don't you put on the first one which comes handy? You don't put down the right shoe and put on the left one first, do you?"

Prexie: "I do."

Jess: "Well, that's a waste of time."

Hiram Shumway makes an excellent ball player. He is a tower of strength at the bat.

Flegel in Constitutional Law: "You can't tell after the animal has been slaughtered whether the meat comes from deceased cattle or not."

Dr. Rogers: "Mr. Van Cleve, you were absent November 10 and 17."

Van pulls out calendar and figures up dates, then mutters to himself: "'November 10 and 17 were Sundays. Didn't know this Greek class was turned into a Sunday School."

Hudson, looking at thermometer in Rogers' room: "Gee, it's only 50 in here!"

McKee: "It's kept cool to keep the dead languages from spoiling."

Isaacs was told that the score in the football game with Shurtleff was 0-0.

"Why," said Fruit, "how many innings did it last?"

Loretta Boyd translating French:

"A man with a pinched nose." (pinc-nez).

SOME ATTRACTIVE THINGS IN MADE UP WHITE GOODS IN OUR READY-TO-WEAR DEPARTMENT ON 2ND FLOOR

A splendid assortment of cream and white Jackets with plain English or velvet collar, single and double breasted, with three outside pockets and lined with silk or satin, at each, $12.50, $10.00, $7.50 and. **$5**

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Clippings from the Tatler

Bill Banfill has bought a new sute of close.

Ansel Magill bought a new pony in New York sum time ago. It is reported that he has taught his dog to dig up Greek roots.

Sary Stapleton sold sum eggs in town the other day.

It rained yesterday.

Prexy in psychology: "Why don't you exercise a little 'normal control,' Miss Fell?"

Miss Fell: "I am excluding from my mind everything not bearing on the subject."

Matsumoto is stumped in Psychology:

Prexy: "What kind of feeling have you now?"

Matsie (explosively): "Pain!"

Miss Conant, reading: "And hamlets brown and dim discovered spires:"

"What was Shakespeare's influence on this poem?"

Miss Fell: There's something said about Hamlet's brown."

Miss McCaslin: "When you come to the dam(n) part of the story."

"It is reported that Hoggatt gets two diplomas this year, one from the Academy and the other from the college. This is how he will appear to receive them.

Student reading theme hits phrase, "Theory of artistic inspiration." Miss McCaslin, interrupting: "That's extremely well exprest; that's fine; that's unusually well exprest."

Student: "Well, you told me that."

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Hutchin

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Decatur, Illinois

One of the gushing girl studens was heard to remark the other day: "Gene Cole has such 'bewidging' brown eyes and a voice like a martingale. He should have his voice fertilized."

Ruth Bicknell was called to the telephone at one of the Millidek Board meetings at the Kappa Delt house. The telephone was placed for the use of Shumway and Ruth needed assistance to reach it.

Pease: "On the whole, I believe Math. was more of a success this year than in the past two."

Dr. Rogers was translating Homer to his Greek class and presented this interesting bit of word play:

"Then Chalcas, the augur, arose and bored the people."

Kirk wishes to inform the young ladies of this institution that he has nothing to do with the bread baking at his house.

Prof. Mills in law class as Mattes offered him a book, refused it, saying: "No, loan it to the gentleman."

Miss Conant: "I think it looks picturesque to see the young people strolling around on the campus."

Matsumoto: "If two people agree to do so, they may do so."

Hyde: "How can I rise to a point of order and be seated?"

Decatur Review: "Lieutenant Harry Crea leaves Monday for the Philippines."

Jess. Penhallegon in French class: "I am going to study Spanish."

Wand's mother (réading a letter from Ben): "Ben's letters always send me to the dictionary."

Millis' mother: "Walter's always send me to the bank."

MOREHOUSE & WELLS CO.

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of

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Miss Tippett: (To Magill, in distress concerning his future and the fact that he was threatened with being eaten) "You don't know how I like to bite."

When the Seniors were planning for their reception they met one night in Orlandian hall and during the course of the evening made some fudge. Bill Nein was so taken with its flavor that he was not satisfied until he had cleaned out all the dishes.

A young theologian named Fiddle
Refused to accept his degree,
"For," said he, " 'tis enough to be Fiddle,
Without being Fiddle, D. D."

Jan. 3. Chapel. Kaeuper loses his moustache. Students applaud. Prof. Stone takes the honor.

Stevenson: "Where's Mr. Hoggatt this morning?"

Shumway: "Hoggatt is working, opening a set of books for a clock company down town."

Sansom: "Are they going to sell on tick?"

An indignant letter written by a very clever old gentleman ran thus: "Sir: My stenographer, being a lady, cannot take down what I think of you; I, being a gentleman, cannot express it, but you, being neither, can readily divine it."

'Twas in a restaurant they met,
One Romeo and Juliet,
'Twas there he first fell into debt,
For Romeo'd for what Juliet.

A young lady called at the office and asked the Secretary for a restoration blank.

Evangelist: "Now we want to get acquainted with you. We want you to invite us over to your homes for luncheon. I am a married man, but Mr. Hoggatt is not, and is looking for a wife. You must help him."

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¶ This store sells only the best that can be sold for a given price in every class of Women's and Children's wearing apparel and general dry goods; it guarantees everything that it sells to be the best of its class, and it will not knowingly sell anything which it cannot recommend as good and reliable.

¶ We solicit the patronage of students and their friends, and invite all to make free use of all our facilities for convenience and comfort, whenever occasion may demand.

¶ Our facilities for the purchase of the best grades of all classes of goods are unsurpassed, and our prices are in all cases based upon the lowest original cost we are able to obtain. Quality considered, you will find no cheaper goods in any store in Decatur.

Prof. Stevenson: "William, how is your heart?"
Bell: "It's beating."

Miss Tippett (talking of her hands in practice of Orlandian Play): "My hands are black, they have coal all over them!"

What do You Know About This?

One Hundred Years Ago

Ye great-great-grandmother of Miss Forsythe was ducked in ye river at Boston for scolding.

Ninety Years Ago

Wild deer strayed where now is the campus, and other dears stray.

Eighty Years Ago

The Indians held their last Senior reception on the south campus.

Seventy Years Ago

LaSalle and Marquette sailed up the Sangamon, built a camp-fire, and fried prairie chickens and buffalo steaks on the present site of the Domestic Science Hall.

Sixty Years Ago

"Prexy" learned to spell "cat," and to count ten. Wild turkeys strutted down Main street, wearing plug hats and peg-top trousers.

Fifty Years Ago

"Abe" Lincoln passed by the present site of the University on his way to Lincoln Square.

Forty Years Ago

Prof. Stevenson was up in arms.

Thirty Years Ago

Hoggatt was contemplating getting a diploma from the Academy.

Twenty Years Ago

D. W. Morton was put in the calaboose for hopping trains and smoking corn-silk cigarettes in the back alley.

Ten Years Ago

We were young and happy, for we had never heard of a Millidek.

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The Studio of

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Isn't this Evidence
that Portraits from this Shop
are the

Highest Class Photography

Spasms

Is it not so?—Prof. Mills.

I'm wondering.—Prexy.

Nothing is worth doing that is not worth doing well.—Miss Forsythe.

Oh, Shucks!—Morton.

That's so.—Hahn.

I'm not prepared today.—Markwell.

That's as far as I got.—Sansom.

In my estimation.—Cole.

There is some talking in this library that is out of order and must be stopped.—Miss Allin.

We must have absolute quiet.—Hoggatt.

Hello, Bill!—Lelia Lamb.

I sicond' de moshan.—Matzu.

Got your trig.?—Eliz. Maxfield.

I'm representing the Millidek.—Hi.

Texas vs. White.—Jimmie.

Well, what do you know about that?—Elizabeth Lemon.

Please call at the office at 12:05 today and oblige.—K Trautman.

Oh, Baby!—Miss Conant.

That-s awful sad.—Van.

In the horse we trust.—Freshman.

Is. President Taylor within?—Prof. Lanphere.

Isn't that just dear?—Dean Valentine.

"I think this will do. Don't fail to give it."—J. B. S.

No life is always fortunate,
But noblest yet is he,
Who, still unmoved by storm of fate,
Strives on unfalteringly;
Who, keeping firm his trust in man,
Deems all things for the best,
Content to do what good he can,
And leave to God the rest.

If you *Are* Coming Back to Millikin

Remember

That Any Bit Of

Clothing and Furnishings

You bought of us, was always right *when* you got it, and that it stayed right *after* you got it, and that we will be glad to see you again. If you are *not* coming back, it will be a pleasant thought to remember, anyway

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Taylor County Court

Judge - - - - -	Eugenia Allin
State's Attorney - - -	D. Walter Morton
Clerk - - - - -	Zella Hostettler
Sheriff - - - - -	Corydon Wilkin

Docket

Van Cleve vs. Rogers—petition for an injunetion to restrain the defendant from flunking the plaintiff in Greek.

Pease vs. Bricker—damage suit for trespassing.

Magill vs. Mattes—injunetion to restrain defendant from making any more dates.

Davis vs. Taylor—writ of prohibition.

Gunnison vs. Kaeuper—mutilation of eharaeter.

People vs. E. H., S. S., et al—peddling without lieense.

Wilson vs. Flegel—an appeal taken to the Supreme Court on a Writ of Error.

Pifer vs. Turner—case dismissed for laek of sufficient evidence.

Kaeuper vs. Gunnison—suit to replevin.

Philomathean L. S. vs. Banfill—writ of mandamus to compel the defendant to eseort a young lady to literary.

Dyer vs. Meek—alienation of affeetions.

West vs. Blaek—impairment of contraet.

Lamb vs. Porter—non-support.

Ross vs. Bumgarner—foreelosure.

Shumway vs. Markwell, Wilkin, et al—suit for partition of time.

People vs. Pifer and Douee—maintaining a public nuisance.

Bill Nein vs. Faculty—breach of promise.

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Bertha Eaton	Helen Mills
Ethel Douce	Marguerite Miller

Occasionals

Jeannette Trautman	Edith Bowyer
Zella Hostettler	Caroline Lutz

Star Boarder

Edna Burgess

Cranial Radiating Society

Motto: "If you want to get ahead, get a head of red."

Faculty Radiator - - Prof. W. C. Stevenson

Radiators in Absentia

Keach Bone	Bert Padon
Maude De Puy	Fred Weber

Radiators in Universitate

Wesley Bone	Archie Dunn
Flora Ross	Bonnie Blackburn
De Forrest Baird	Helen Ketch
Door Knob Wallace	Irene Handlin

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William Nein	P. I. O.
H. H. Kaeuper	L. O.
Thompson Stone	P. P.
R. J. Kellogg	M. V.
P. H. McGrath	P. M. E.D.
Fred T. McGee	A Q.
John Lyons	P. K.

(Continued on Page 52)

"Never mind, dear," he said, as she raised her sweet face from his shoulder, and they saw the white blur on his coat; "it will all rub off."

Mabel Smith: "Oh, Charlie, how do you know?"

Prexy (to visiting minister who is to lead chapel): "Shall I let the students enjoy themselves a little longer or have your speech now?"

Country Club

Noble Grand Milkmaid - - Ruth Bicknell

Esteemed High Clodhopper - - E. Starr Cole

Motto: "While the Plowman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land."

Coat of Arms—Shield Quartered, Rabbit gules, Pig rampant vert, Mule at gaze, Cow sejant..

Senior Members

Roy Kirk	G. Ellen Stone
Verne Ross	Bill Nein

Small Fry

Letha Towne	Archie McIntosh
Blanche Hamilton	Lena Hackenburg
Jewel May	Celia Still
Pearl Robbins	Bessie Jacobsen
	Sarah Jacobsen

Mrs. Stone: "Yes, Mr. Stone and I expect to do quite a bit of rowing this summer."

Prof. Stone (aside) "We do some rowing now only we pronounce it differently."

Verne R. Ross *Carleton F. Mattes*

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Edgar Walker — Floyd Davis
Carleton F. Mattes — Nelson Good

Dishonorably Discharged

Elmus West — Hermann H. Kaeuper

First Reserves

D. W. Morton — Leslie Taylor

Second Reserves

H. K. Davenport — Ben McCrum
Clarence Flegel

Leave of Absence

George Gilman

Kate Trautman: "Ma, why does Jeanette sing so much when Martin is here?"

Mrs. T.: "I think she is trying to test his love."

Porcupine Club

President - - - - - Erwin Dudley
Vice-President - - - - Arthur Van Cleve
Secretary - - - - Harrison McCown

Members

Erwin Dudley — Frank Markwell
Harrison McCown — Arthur Van Cleve

Pledge

Chester Hyde

Hartwig (teaching bible class): "You have of course heard of the parables. Which one do you like the best, Johnny?"

Johnny: "I like the one where the kid loafs and fishes."

Doc. Rogers (in local option speech): "Praise the Lord! Decatur's going dry. It will bring sunshine into many homes."

Old Soak: "Yes, and some moonshine, too."

A madness lies beneath all calm,
A darkness haunts all light,
A joy unmixed, a faith serene
Presumes an angel's flight.

This book was engraved by us.
Among the other Annuals which we illustrated this year are the

MICHIGANENSIAN - of the University of Michigan
CODEX - - - - - - - - - of Beloit College
ILLIO - - - - - - - of the University of Illinois
SCROLL - - - - - - - of Milwaukee Academy
FORESTER - - - - - - of Lake Forest College
CHINOOK - - - - - of Washington State College
SABIDURIA - - - - - of Missouri Valley College
DAISY - - - - - - - - of Bethany College
CUMTUX - - - - of Milwaukee Downer College
TIGERS LAIR - - - of Platteville Normal School
TYCHOBERAN - - - - - - of Madison High School
CRESCENT - - - - - of Gamma Delta Psi Fraternity

Let us make an Estimate on your Annual

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Piano Pounder
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Prof. Smith (carrying home a looking glass): "Come here, boy, look in this glass and you will see a donkey."

Boy: "How did you find that out?"

Notice in Monticello paper: "Rev. James Lively preached at the Baptist church last Sunday and the church is now undergoing repairs."

Bluffer's Lodge

Chief Bluffer - - - - C. H. "Piggatt"
Associate Chief Bluffer - - "Rosie" McGrath
Official Hostler - - - - "Corry" Wilkin
Plungers - - - Jean Morris and "Monte"

Motto: "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

"The object of this organization shall be for the promotion of the art of synthesizing formulae from a chaotiic status of the convolutions of the cerebrum."—Constitution, Sec. I, Article I.

Chester Hyde	Mildred Berry
Babe Armstrong	Ben Wand
Maude Carter	Eloise Crea
Arthur Gee	Arthur Van Cleve
Helen Morgan	Norman Sansom

At a late Phi Pi party they were playing a game consisting of trying to make the worst face. One of the judges, when all had finished, walked up to Celia Still and said: "I think you have won the prize."

"Oh," said Celia, "I wasn't in the game."

INTERURBAN

Illinois Traction System

West Bound (Springfield) Cars

Loc. Ex. Sun....	5:00am	Ltd. Daily	2:00pm
Loc. Daily.....	6:00am	Loc. Daily.....	3:00pm
Loc. Daily.....	7:00am	Ltd. Daily	4:00pm
Ltd. Daily	8:00am	Loc. Daily.....	5:00pm
Loc. Daily.....	9:00am	Ltd. Daily	6:00pm
Ltd. Daily.....10:00am		Loc. Daily.....	7:00pm
Loc. Daily.....11:00am		Loc. Daily.....	8:00pm
Ltd. Daily .....12:00 m		Loc. Daily.....	9:00pm
Loc. Daily.....	1:00pm	Loc. Daily.....11:00pm	

For Bloomington and Peoria

Loc.	1:00pm	Ltd.	2:15pm
Loc.	5:00am	Loc.	3:00pm
Loc.	7:00am	Ltd.	4:15pm
Ltd.	8:15am	Loc.	5:00pm
Loc.	9:00am	Ltd.	6:15pm
Ltd. 10:15am		Loc.	7:00pm
Loc. 11:00am		Loc.	9:00pm
Ltd. 12:15pm		Loc. 11:00pm	

East Bound (Champaign) Cars

Loc. Daily.....	4:30am	Loc. Daily.....	2:00pm
Loc. Daily.....	6:00am	Loc. Daily.....	4:00pm
Loc. Daily.....	8:00am	Loc. Daily.....	6:00pm
9:30am Danville Flyer		7:30pm Danville Flyer	
Loc. Daily.....10:00am		Loc. Daily.....	8:00pm
Loc. Daily.....12:00 m		Loc. Daily.....11:00pm	

Limited cars stop at towns only; all other cars make all stops.

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Sons of Rest

Rendezvous - - - - - Main Corridor
Recruiting Station - - - Davis Drug Store

Colors: Red and Yellow

Gospel: "There's no rest for the wicked."

Most Sublime Resters—"Flunky" Smith, Harrison McCown.

Higt Priest—"Bud" Quinlan.

Woman's Relief Corps

Macie Hamilton	Jessie Montgomery
Edna Schrear	Pet Hunt
Elizabeth Maxfield	Hope Finfrock

First Senior: "What is Prof. Stevenson doing now?"

Second Senior: "Oh, he's telling what will happen at the next election."

First Senior: "Oh, he's a prophet, then?"

Second Senior: "No, he's a dead loss."

Miss McCaslin (shopping): "I want a piece of meat without fat, bone, or gristle."

Butcher: "You'd better take eggs, ma'am."

People not Worth Roasting

D. Montgomery	Elmus West
Edna Strader	Philip McGrath
Pet Hunt	Hazel Niles
C. H. Hoggatt	Prof. Smith

Dr. Galloway (in zoology): "Why can't a bear take off his winter overcoat?"

Dudley (waking up suddenly): "God only knows where the buttons are."

Visitor (to Miss Conant): "I suppose you've always lived around Boston?"

Miss Conant: "No, indeed; I was born two miles from there."

Doc. Shaw Jr.: "Mama, can I get on the donkey's back?"

Mrs. S.: "No, dear, but papa will take you on his back. That is just the same."

Agent (at Doc. Hessler's): "Is the head of the house here, sonny?"

Young Hessler: "No, sir, there's nobody home but my father."

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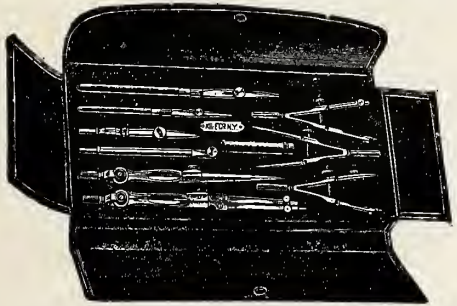

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Perhaps among these pages you will find
Some thoughtless jest or foolish lapse of mind.
If sueh there be, pray turn the leaf,—
Pass on!
Because no purposed misehief have we done;
But truth, they say, is oft disguised in fun,
And sinee we've roasted nearly every one,
Look onee again. And then perhaps you'll see
Wherein your foibles may amusing be.
But we are done. Our best we've given you
To please, and if we've helped some, too,
Not all is vain.—Then ring the bell,
Let fall the eurtain. 'Tis a glad Farewell!

M.M.D.
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